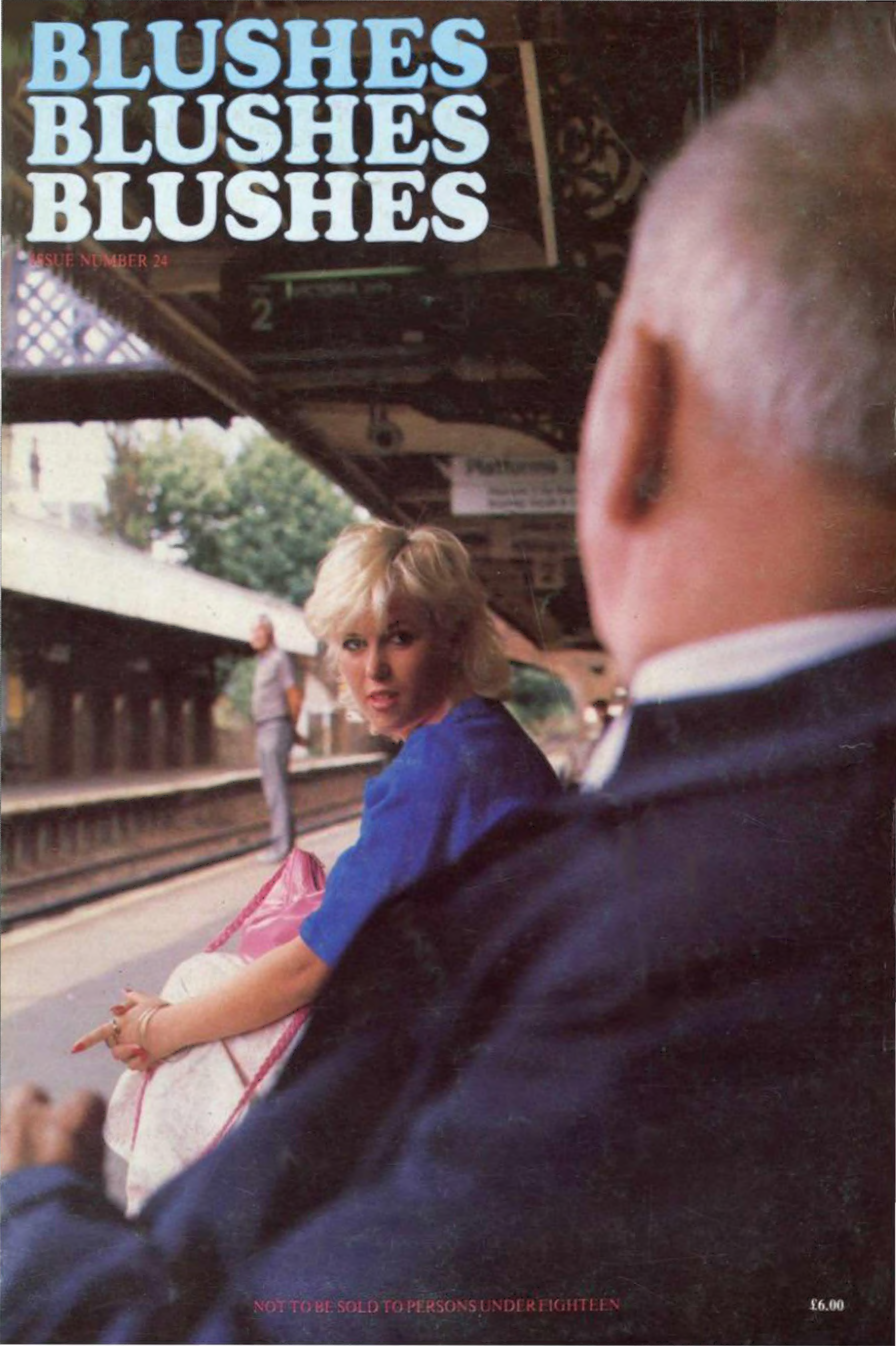


BLUSHES BLUSHES BLUSHES

ISSUE NUMBER 24



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BLUSHES

ISSUE NUMBER 24

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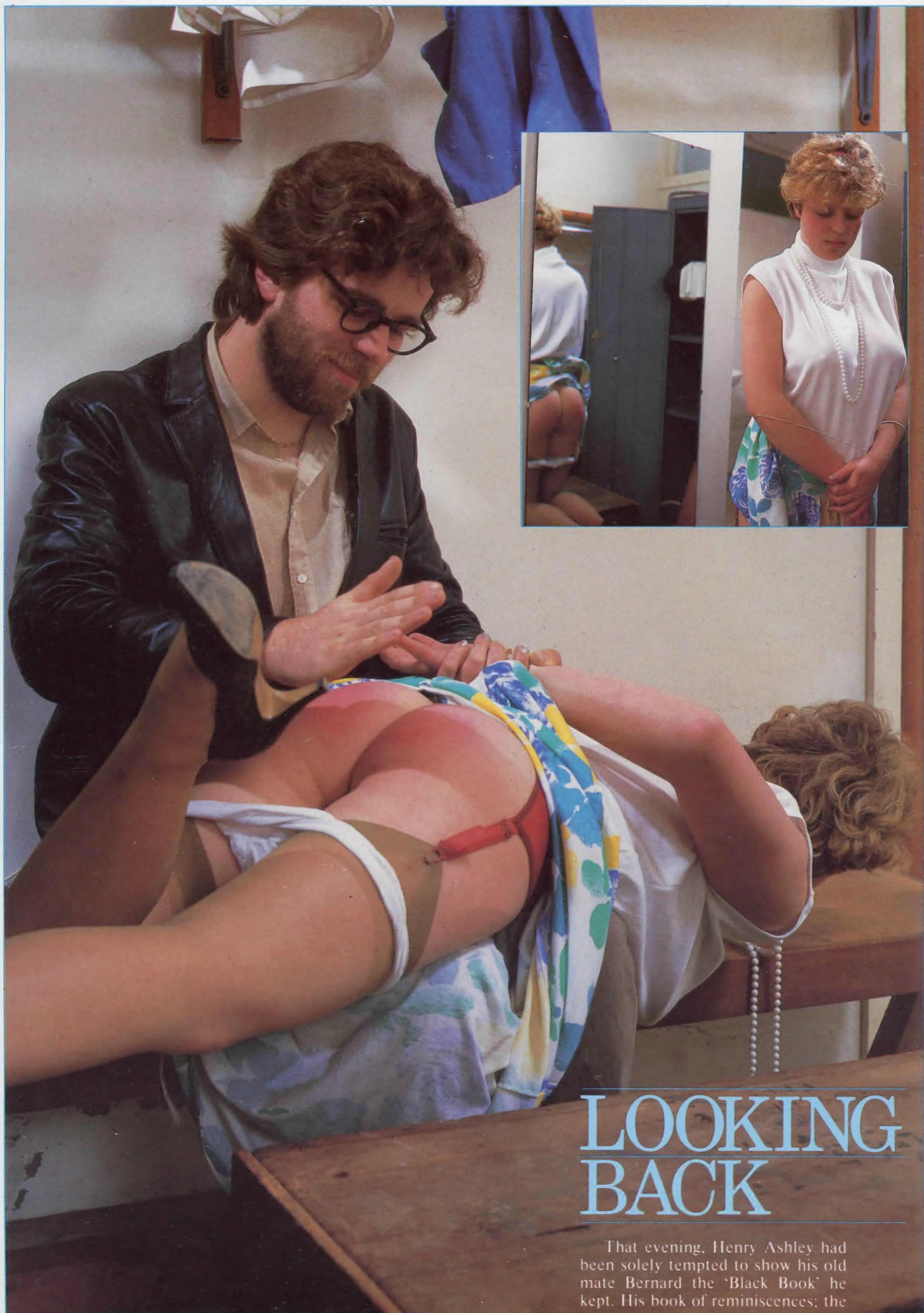
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LOOKING BACK

That evening, Henry Ashley had been solely tempted to show his old mate Bernard the 'Black Book' he kept. His book of reminiscences; the

book which often took him back twenty five years or more. Back to Marston's Teacher Training College, where he had been Deputy Head and, thus, in a position to indulge some rather private pastimes which took his fancy.

On reflection, Henry was glad he had not given way to temptation. In the first place, Bernard - though he was a lecherous old bastard - may not share his predilections. Those, of course, being the exposure of a young woman's bottom, bare ready for punishment. In the second place, it would be very difficult for an outsider to get much enjoyment from this book. It was simply a collection of entries, with dates, and brief notes concerning what was to occur or what had occurred. Such items would mean little to anyone who had not lived through the actual experiences.

As Henry had.

Everything was in his mind; there to be enjoyed, over and over again. All it needed was the spark which his book always provided. As he so often did, late of an evening when a friend had finally left, he took it down from its place on the shelf.

He riffled through the pages. Ah, there was Wendy again. Lovely 19 year old Wendy. She had been a frequent visitor to his little room...since she was a young woman determined to pass the exams for her Certificate of Education, even though she was distinctly short on academic brain-power. She was one of the few students of whom he had retained a snapshot. It was faded but still showed her charming features. Not, unfortunately, those features Henry would have preferred to keep as a lasting memento. Those, need it be, said, were her luscious hindquarters.

Only recently he had been reminiscing on that 12 stroke caning he had given Wendy - simply for the opportunity of having a brief look at her English Paper. It had been a most memorable occasion and, by and large, Wendy had taken her penalty well. Henry smiled. All the more unfortunate for her, then, that there had been changes made in that very English Paper only a couple of weeks later. He had thought it only fair to advise the young woman of the fact. His mind went back to that evening.

Back to that small room, alongside the gym, where he had caned her a fortnight previously. She had come in nervously, wearing a white, singlet-type blouse and a colourful white, yellow and blue skirt. And the pearls she had worn the time before. Wendy seemed very fond of pearls. Perhaps she thought they made her appear 'debbie'. However, Henry considered her more 'earthy' than 'debbie'...with a body that was mature beyond her

years.

'I am afraid I have some bad news for you, Wendy,' he said sadly. But feeling far from sad.

'O-oh...what's that then, Sir?' She had gone a shade paler and her body tensed.

'I'm afraid they've changed two of the questions on the Intermediate English Paper.'

He saw her head droop and her lower lip pout. So, he could imagine her thinking, I've gone through all that, a fortnight before, for nothing. It wasn't fair! He had to agree about that, especially as he'd actually had a hand in changing the questions.

'That's rotten,' said Wendy.

'It's only two of the questions,' said Henry. 'I've got them here.' He tapped the envelope on the table.

That lower lip pouted further; there was a hint of anger in those lustrous eyes. 'I'm not having any more of that cane,' she said.

Henry shook his head. 'Oh no...of course not, Wendy. You paid quite a price. I was thinking that just a simple spanking might suffice. Nothing serious, you understand. Then you'll be sure to pass.'

He could see her considering. Well, a spanking wasn't all that bad. Rather humiliating, naturally, but it didn't hurt anywhere near as much as a cane. 'What...a beastly thing...to do...' She was near sobbing. Had she guessed that he had been largely responsible for having those questions changed?

'Well,,a spanking or not, Wendy?' He was a little tense now. He had an intense desire to expose this young woman's behind once again. Right that evening. Then to slap it, of course. But, above all, it was the exposure he wanted.

'Not too hard...I mean...I've paid once...'

'Not too hard,' he reassured her. Henry seated himself on the wooden bench on one side of the room. 'Come along, my dear, let's get it over with.'

Wendy's features were hard with resentment as she crossed the small room. Well, he had to admit, it had been rather a dirty trick. But she shouldn't have such a delicious bottom. Far too tempting! The colourful skirt came up before she bent over his thighs. A little pair of white briefs and a rather saucy red suspender belt holding up her stockings. Most fetching. His fingers went to the elastic of those briefs, hooked, then slowly but firmly pulled down. The well-rounded curves of those buttocks were exposed naked. His pulses raced. Just what he had wanted. It was impossible to prevent himself running his hand over her warm flesh.

'Stop that!' Wendy spat out, twisting. Henry was aware she could

accept a spanking - but going any further was definitely out. He had no option but to go along with that.

'A couple of dozen, I reckon,' he said casually.

'Oh no...that's far too many...'

'I don't think so, Wendy. Think of the end product.' Henry laid on the first stinging slap. Hard. He was just in the mood. Wendy gasped and, at once, threw back her hands. Henry gripped her wrists. 'No need for that,' he said. 'It's not a cane, just my palm.'

'Ohh...but that h-hurt...' Well, he had hit rather hard.

Ssllaaapppp....ssllaaapppp!

Henry hit hard again. Twice. And Wendy bucked and twisted at the two stinging impacts. 'Ooow...owww...oh please...not so hard!'

Oh how often Henry had heard that plea! And how often he had quite ignored it!

Ssllaaapppp....sllaaappp....slap!

On whatever bouncing cheek that took his fancy. What a marvellous young bottom it was! It had surely been designed for such treatment.

'Oowww...oowww...please oh please...' What plaintive cries!

Henry began to get into an enjoyable rhythm. A smack on the left cheek...a smack on the right...then an even more resounding smack across the centre. The resilient flesh spread as his hand made impact and it juddered and quivered as his hand came away. All the time it was getting redder and redder.

He had lost count. He must be well over the dozen mark. Maybe eighteen.

'S-stooo....oppp...that's enough!'

Might as well give her another half dozen, he thought. Just to make sure.

Sllaaapppp! Ssllaaapppp!

Puffing and blowing, Henry stopped spanking. Probably he'd given her more like thirty, he thought, looking down at the still quivering bottom, now a blotchy red all over. He could hear the girl sobbing quietly.

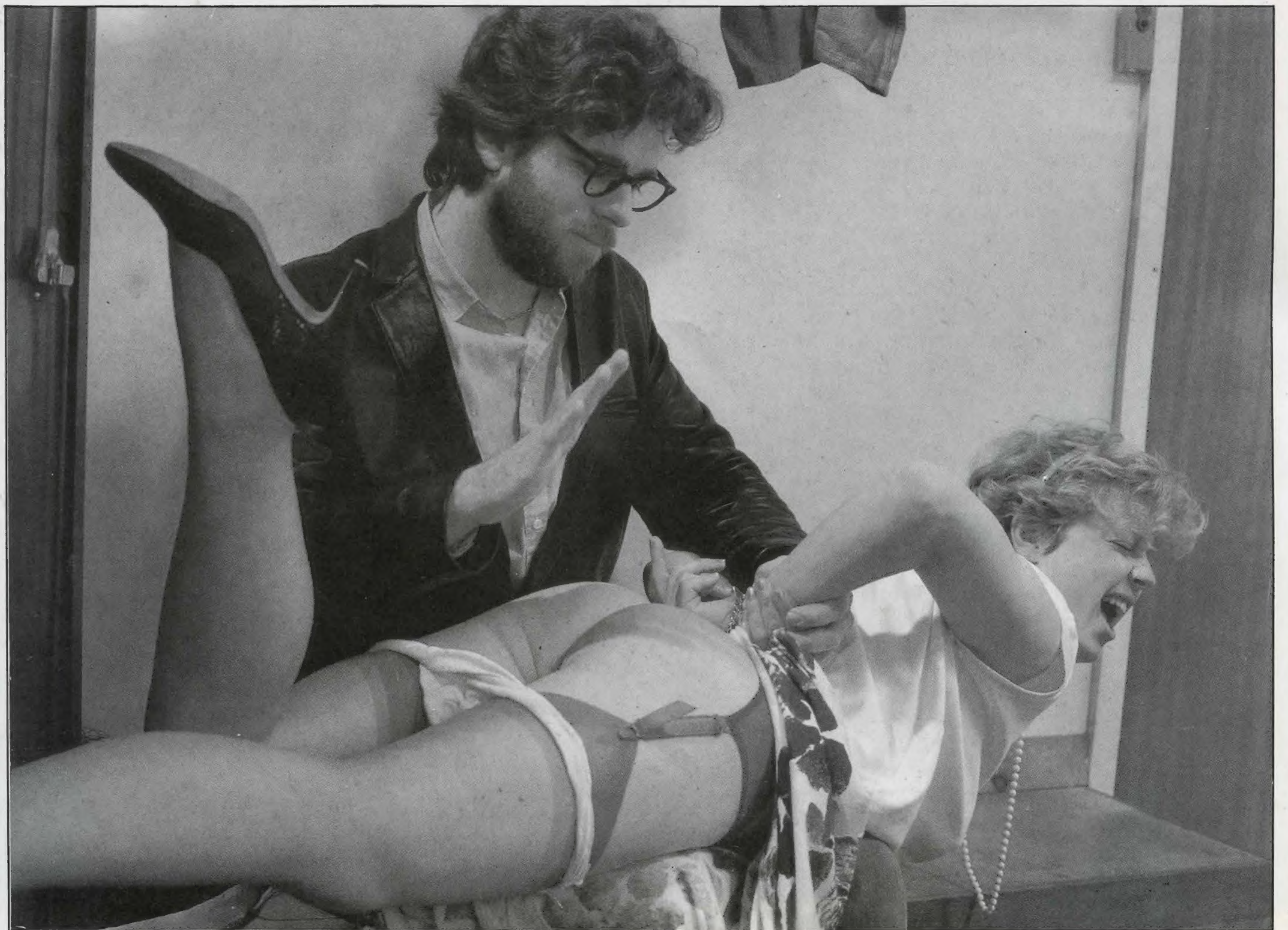
'That...mmmfff...mmmfff was more...mmfff.' she complained.

'Oh, I don't think so,' said Henry airily. 'Now, Wendy, up you get. I've a final piece of discipline for you before you get your Paper.'

'W-what's that?' The girl came up, wet-eyed and startled.

'Just kneel on that stool and face me,' said Henry. 'Keep your skirt up and your knickers down.' He saw momentary fury, followed by resignation. Wendy knelt sulkily. Seating himself, Henry had an excellent view of her glowing bottom in the mirror behind her. He kept her kneeling like that for two or three minutes before he handed over the Paper.

Wendy took it almost greedily. Well, she'd certainly earned it, hadn't she?



He flipped through the pages and arrived at the mid-sixties. An entry caught his eye. It read:

'Decide to have a Punishment Horse' made. Usually I make them kneel on a chair or bend over a table, but a proper piece of equipment would be a great improvement. There will be a slight difficulty about getting it made. I shall go outside the College Maintenance Staff and have it built privately, calling it a Junior Vaulting Horse. That, in effect is what it will be — the top section of an actual Vaulting Horse. Will make a small drawing and go and see some local carpenter tomorrow.

Of course, I shall have to keep the thing hidden, since other people use the room during the day and might wonder what it was doing there. Or what it was intended for. Can't take any risks like that. The store cupboard will be large enough to take it. I'll keep it locked in there P and I'll be the only one with a key. Like now. For its in there that I keep those disciplinary implements which are not at all to the liking of those young ladies who have to visit me on certain evenings.'

Henry turned a page of his record book — and there was his original drawing of the Horse, with measurements detailed. A simple enough thing but bringing back many vivid memories. He turned several pages and came to an entry which recorded the arrival of the Horse. He remembered the thrill he had got by just running his hand over the padded top before locking the thing out of sight. Then he had begun to think of which of his young ladies would have the doubtful privilege of 'Christening' it. The next entry recorded his decision.

'Decide that it shall be Sandra. She is now nearly 20 and on her last term. She is the naughtiest of all. Her past record is a disgrace and I am, most fortunately, in possession of the facts. She is desperate to keep them secret now that she is approaching her Finals, which she will certainly pass. A word or two from me to the Head and she would have wasted two years of hard work. And ruined a promising career.

I got all the 'sordid details' from the Games Master at her school. It seems, when she was just 17 and in the sixth, she more or less forced him to have an affair with her. Not that he was exactly reluctant, but he knew it was dangerous and he wanted to keep his job. And his wife. Afterwards, it seemed, Sandra tried to blackmail him.

To look at her, you'd never imagine she'd do a thing like that. Still, it's all been to my advantage. I





reckon Sandra's paid twice as many visits to my little room than any of the others! I'll tell her to be there at eight o'clock this evening. The usual time.'

Now Henry recalled that evening well. He recalled it, as he had done often enough before, with considerable pleasure. Certainly more than any memories dear old Wisden might have aroused.

There came a knock on the door. Henry unlocked it and there she was. Looking very apprehensive — as well she might. He beckoned her in and re-locked the door.

'I...I was here only last week, sir...' she said in a protesting little voice.

'That's right, Sandra,' he said. 'But you are rather a special case, aren't you?'

She pouted at that. 'I don't see why...'

'Oh yes you do. Illicit affair, then

blackmail. A fine chance you'd have if anyone found out.' She pouted again at that.

'It's not fair,' she said petulently.

'That's a matter of opinion,' he said.

'W-what are you...going to do?' Her apprehension was growing.

'Introduce you to a new piece of equipment, Sandra.' He smiled at her startled look. 'Specially designed for naughty young ladies.' There was hopeless fury in those young eyes. How she would have loved to have thrown herself upon him; clawed him. Yet she dare not. Several times she'd offered herself to him in the hope of escaping chastisement but he'd always turned her down. Tempting but too dangerous. Anyway, he reckoned he got just as much pleasure out of watching her squirm.

'You...you're a monster...'

'Not at all,' replied Henry calmly.

'I'm simply an agent for retribution.'

Then he went to unlock the cupboard, pulling the Horse into the centre of the small room. He heard her give a little gasp. 'Well designed, isn't it?' he remarked, patting the top. She said nothing. 'Well, let's try it out, shall we? Pull up your skirt and bend over it, please Sandra.'

'It...it's horrid...' she said. Yet, as she had done so many times before, she pulled up her skirt, exposing a pair of tight briefs, then hoisted herself up over the side of the Horse. Her thighs pressed to one sloping side, her arms ran down the other.

'Excellent,' Henry almost sighed. 'That gives a most excellent uplift.' It certainly did. That fine bottom of hers thrust up to the maximum. Most inviting. Henry considered. Should he strap her? Or cane her? Why not both? He could



use the strap with her bent over as she was at that moment, then make her straddle the horse to get the cane. Yes, that would be most satisfactory.

'W-what are you going to d-do?' she asked in a strained voice.

'Take your knickers down to start with,' replied Henry, with a casualness he did not exactly feel. Sandra was a curvaceous young woman; very mature for her age. Little wonder that Games Master had fallen for her charms. He heard her expel her breath angrily as he tugged down the briefs. She always did that. Nowadays anyway. At first there had been a lot of protesting and even resistance. But she'd given that up when she realised it only made him treat her with greater severity. The briefs settled at the tops of the thighs, leaving fulsome buttocks quite bare. They had a faintly rosy look about them — the

result of her previous visit. He'd had her over his knees and given her a really sound spanking. Thirty hard slaps at least. There had been a lot of tears and his palm had felt sore for days. What about her bottom then? 'I'm going to strap you, Sandra,' he announced, seeing the soft nates give a little twitch. 'Nothing too serious. Just half a dozen strokes.' She'll be relieved at that, he thought. On the other hand, she doesn't yet know she's going to get the cane afterwards. He'd keep that as a little 'surprise'.

He went to his cupboard and took out the double-thonged strap, tapping it on his palm. It was quite a meaty piece of leather. Stung like Hell, you could see that.

He laid it lightly over Sandra's bottom, seeing the nates twitch again. Henry was never in a hurry, liking to draw a punishment out, realising how it stretched the nerves.

'Only six weeks to go now, Sandra,' he said. 'Then you'll be free of all this.'

'Yes...yes...I know...ohhh...get on with it!'

'Don't speak to me in that tone, young lady,' snapped Henry, 'or you'll get a dozen, not half a dozen. And you address me as 'sir.''

'O-ohh...I...I'm sorry, sir...' He loved making her grovel verbally, knowing just what it cost her.

'I should think so.' Henry withdrew the strap, raised it high and brought it thwacking down with a full sweep of his arm. It was a really good, hard stroke, clean across the centre of that up-curving behind.

'Yeeooowwww.....!' came the anguished cry, as the hindquarters bounced and squirmed frantically over the top of the Horse. A bright red swathe of flesh ran over the juddering buttock cheeks.



Henry waited a good twenty seconds or so, seeing the flesh constantly flinching in anticipation. Oh how he enjoyed that! Then he laid on the strap again, just as hard, but a little lower down on the cheeks. There came another series of yelping howls and, once more, Sandra squirmed uncontrollably over the top of the horse. It was good to have her hindquarters thrusting up so well, he thought, curving conveniently at just the right height. This was certainly a great acquisition.

'P-please...no s-so hard...' came the whimpering plea.

Henry smiled faintly. He liked that, too. He said nothing and again kept the girl waiting. The next stroke he would lay on the join of thighs and buttocks. That should make her jump.

It certainly did. Sandra came up like a leaping salmon off the top of the Horse and clamped her hands urgently to the new burning swathe of torment. Her head jerked up and round towards him as she writhed in pain.

'No...oooo..oooh...I can't stand it!' she cried out.

'Don't be silly, Sandra,' he said, 'you've stood a lot worse.' Which was true. Still, he had to admit, he was laying into her really hard. Perhaps he should ease up a little as she was due for a caning as well. 'Only three more,' he said. He gave them to her at long intervals, not quite so hard but, since they fell over the previous swathes, they must have hurt just as much. If not more. Certainly from the gasping cries which filled the room...and her kicking contortions...it would appear so. It made Henry thankful that, very early on, he had taken the precaution of having that small room secretly soundproofed. Even though it was well away from the main college building, such anguished cries could easily have been heard.

Sandra lay over the Horse, sobbing, shoulders heaving, hands pressing to the burning red flesh. She moaned despairingly. She was certainly suffering, but she was going to suffer more yet. Henry went into the adjacent washroom and returned with a large wet flannel. 'Take your hands away,' he said. Nervously, the girl did so. Then she gasped out with relief as the cold water cooled down her burning flesh. 'Nice, eh.'

'Yes...ahhh...yes...yes...sir...'

'Do you know why I'm doing this, Sandra?'

'Be-because...it hurts s-so...'

Henry grinned. 'Well, not exactly. You see, very shortly, I'm going to cane you...'

'Oh no...you couldn't...you







wouldn't!' Her eyes were wide with pleading.

'I'm afraid so, Sandra. 'Such wickedness as yours must be punished.'

'But...but it was all so long ago ...oh...sir...and I've been a good girl since...'

'So you say.' Henry removed the flannel and patted the wet flesh. 'Now we'll have those knickers right off, young lady.'

'P-please...please...sir...no more I beg you!' Sandra was literally on her knees arms outstretched.

'Knickers off,' ordered Henry firmly. Sandra had got into this kind of state before but, in the end, she had always taken what he intended to hand out. It only needed the simple threat of exposing her past to persuade her. He watched the small knickers pushed down; he watched her step out of them. There was a time when she had always covered her bush, but now she was no longer bothered. He had seen everything she possessed all too often for there to be any point in trying to be modest. 'Now come down to the end of this thing,' he said.

She moved stiffly, hands still on her sore bottom. Tears were running unchecked down her cheeks. 'P-please...please...I-let me off...' she kept saying.

'I want you up on the end of this,' said Henry. 'Straddling it. Just as if you were riding a real horse.'

She looked at him, fury as well as fear filling her eyes. Both were well aware how she would be exposing herself. Colour flooded those wet cheeks. Henry turned back to the cupboard, replaced the strap, and took out a cane.

Returning, he saw that Sandra was already in position, her bottom looking much wider. 'Just six,' he said, tapping the taut flesh. The sobs were constant now.

'Mmmf...uuurrrfff...'

He laid on a wristy cut; not too hard. She wouldn't be able to take a lot with her flesh already so tenderised. All the same, it produced a gasping-yelping cry... and several convulsive twists of those splayed buttock cheeks. A quite, quite fascinating spectacle, thought Henry.

Tap...tap...tap. 'Please...please ...no...ooo...' What made them plead, even when they knew it was useless?

Another wristy cut; again not too hard. Yet it made that most attractive bottom bounce and squirm deliciously. What a display!

'O-ohhh...ahhh...stop it...stop it ...I can't stand any more...ahhhh... sir...I just can't!'

Tap...tap...tap. 'You don't want

me to have a word with the Head, do you, you silly young woman?’

‘No...ooo...no...oooo!’

She certainly didn’t, reflected Henry as he brought down the third wristy cut. It raised an encircling pink weal, twin-tracked, but not as vivid as it would have been if on unreddened flesh. That bottom shuddered and twisted left and right. ‘A-aaaaagh...oooh...oh how can you?’

An odd question, he thought. I can because I’ve got an iron hold over you, young woman. Like he had over all the rest of them. It was the only way. The only way you could make a young woman take her knickers down and present her bare bottom to you. There had to be a very definite incentive!

‘Get nearer the end of the Horse,’ he ordered, ‘you’re beginning to slide up it.’

Sobbing, Sandra moved herself back, her buttocks projecting nicely. The cane cut into the soft flesh again. Another gasping shriek; more jerking and juddering. Lucky for her, he said to himself, I’m not laying into her as hard as I well could. He thought of the others who, before long, would also find themselves over that Horse. It was an enchanting prospect.

He gave Sandra her final two strokes in quick succession...and much harder. Shrieking, she twisted right off the Horse and fell to the floor with a heavy thump. For a moment, Henry was worried that she might have hurt herself quite considerably. He rushed around to commiserate, placing one hand on a very hot bottom when he arrived.

‘Are you alright, Sandra...not hurt?’ Mmmm...that bottom felt nice. Very. There was no reply. Just sobs. Yes...the girl was perfectly alright. A bit bruised on one side, maybe. But what did that matter compared with the state of her bottom?

‘Would you like the flannel again?’

‘Yes...mmmfff...yes please... mmmfff...sir...’

Henry returned to the washroom and was soon applying a delightfully cold layer of water to most tender flesh. Sandra moaned gratefully. Once again it was all over. Once again she had survived the shame and the pain. Henry nodded almost sympathetically. This young woman, in the last year, had surely paid dearly for her wickedness.

* * * *

Henry closed the book and rested his head on the back of the armchair. What memories! Did he feel any





guilt, or remorse? None at all. He had taken the trouble – some years later on — to find out how Sandra's career was progressing. Exceedingly well, it seemed. She was already in line for Assistant Headmistress.

Would that have happened if he

had not dealt with the girl as he had? There she was, definitely an incipient criminal...and he had quite reformed her.

She's probably married now, with grown-up children, he thought, a shade wistfully. He wondered if

she had learnt sufficient from his own disciplinary methods to apply them herself.

Swedish Rhapsody





Dr Smilby was sitting at his desk. He looked up and smiled. 'Hello, Julie. Sweden eh? That will be exciting. Where exactly?'

Julie, having closed the door behind her, said, 'Gothenburg.'

It *was* exciting. A two-week exchange and she had never been to Sweden before, indeed never been anywhere on the Continent except a day-trip to Boulogne two years ago. So it was very exciting. But first...there was Dr Smilby.

Dr Smilby, 50ish, and rather fat with horn-rimmed spectacles, liked making girls take their clothes off if he had half an excuse. He had done it at Easter when she went camping with the Guides. Told her mother it would be a good idea if Julie had a check-up before she went, to make sure she was in perfect health. Mrs Hendry had of course agreed and Julie had spent a very unpleasant half hour in Dr Smilby's room. Standing up and then lying on his couch. She could well imagine a similar sweat-inducing experience was in store for her now. Fingers plucked anxiously at her skirt. Dr Smilby had extremely creepy hands - that last time had gone *everywhere*.

He was getting up. Taking off his glasses and polishing them, then putting them back on. She he could get a better look at his victim no doubt. Julie was in her guider's uniform.

Dark navy skirt and blue and white check shirt, a plain blue tie and her navy cap. Tights, black shoes. She shivered. He would make her take everything off, like last time.

Dr Smilby leaning back against his desk made some preliminary small talk. Julie standing nervously in front of him wasn't really listening. Then he said, 'Anyway your mother thinks you should have a little check-up first. And I agreed it was a good idea.' Julie heard that all right. A little tremor went through her.

'Yes...right. Slip your knickers off, would you please, Julie?'

Yes. That was what had happened last time. Her knickers first; then everything off and get up on the couch. What if she said: Look, I'm sure I don't need a check-up; you did it at Easter and that was only two months ago. But no, you couldn't say that. Dr Smilby was a doctor. So he was allowed to make you take your knickers off. And do all those things.

Hot-faced, Julie slid her hands up under her skirt. The white knickers fumbled down and slid awkwardly off over her shoes. He took them from her. Put them on his desk. Then his hand up, under Julie's skirt, up the backs of the slender thighs. And further. The thighs might be slender but the bare buttocks were full, firmly rounded. Julie's breath hissed out.

Dr Smilby was talking, about Sweden about the need for a teenage girl to be very careful over there. A girl on her own on the Continent could be at some risk. All the time Dr Smilby was squeezing, groping. Her firm bare buttocks. Also sliding his fingers in between. Julie was getting very hot. You didn't have to worry about the Continent, not after you'd been in Dr Smilby's surgery for a check-up.

He was turning her now, to face him. His hand leaving her bottom. Coming round, still up under her skirt. 'You know what I'm talking about, Julie?'

'Y-yes...' she gasped out as his hand took hold of her. Her pussy. Cupping it in the creepy hand. Fingers in between her legs where she had unavoidably become somewhat wet. The fingers stroked her there. 'A pretty girl has to be very much on her guard, Julie.'

Julie gave a little whimper.

The hand at last came out of her skirt. Dr Smilby's voice business-like. 'Good. Let's have a proper look at you now, shall we? Take the rest of your clothes off please.'

Yes, like before what had happened so far, awful though it was, was only for starters. Julie's eyes flickered over to the couch. *Oh God*. Her knees felt a bit like rubber, her whole body was pulsating. She couldn't help it, a hand *there* did do that to you. And now...

'Come on, Julie, please.'

She began unfastening her skirt. Everything finally off except her cap and then having to climb up on Dr Smilby's couch. To lie on her back on the cool white sheet. Knees up, legs open. Like last time. Dr Smilby making 'mmm...mmmm...' sounds to himself as he got to work.

Desperately Julie tried to think of something else, something cold and nasty and unpleasant. An ice-cold shower. So that she wouldn't start....But she was *already* hot and aroused, from what he'd already done. Last time Dr Smilby had wanted to know if she played with herself a lot. She had indignantly denied it but Dr





Smilby had said he didn't believe her. Because she was very responsive. Last time she had...

Julie desperately thought of the ice shower but she knew it wasn't working. Not with Dr Smilby seemingly doing his very best to get her going. She tried to keep her hips still but she couldn't. As she couldn't stop the increasingly urgent whimpers, groans, squeaky squeals.

Afterwards, after he had finished and had given Julie another little lecture about playing with herself, which she again hotly denied, Dr Smilby said about the cane.

'I understand in Sweden they still use the cane on teenage girls. As they used to in this country.'

Julie still had only her blue cap on. Her face flushed from what had happened, her not being able to help herself, control herself. The nipples of her pert breasts standing firmly out for the same reason. She *didn't* do it all that much, not like some girls. Not like Linda Marbury for instance who said she did it all the time and said it was good for you. Julie didn't think it was good for you but sometime you felt you just *had* to.

Dr Smilby ran his hand over the firm tits. 'So you'll have to be careful, eh young lady? The cane and also the birch, I believe. I don't expect you'd like that.'

She wouldn't obviously. But why should she get the cane? She was always very well behaved.

Dr Smilby reached behind and squeezed her bottom. 'I should think if someone found you playing with yourself, Julie, you would certainly get the cane for that.'

She flushed again, and squirmed away from the hand. 'I *don't*. I really *don't* do it.' Dr Smilby only grinned and got his hand right in between her legs. 'I know what most young ladies are like, Julie. And I know what *you* are like. So just be warned.'

With that he finally allowed her to get dressed. She couldn't be caned, could she? For doing it? Anyway no one would know she'd been doing it, not if she did it in bed in the dark, as she did. Several of her friends said you could tell if someone had been doing it, it showed on their faces. Julie didn't believe this but nonetheless...The thought was firmly fixed in her mind now. The *cane*. The *pain* of it. On your hand...or your bottom...?

The thought of the cane - and the birch - stayed with Julie as she walked home from Dr Smilby's. At least her dreadful check-up was over but now there was this other thing. She knew she wouldn't be able to forget it, as much as she tried.

She *couldn't* forget it. It was a week until she went and the dreadful thought of the cane stayed never far from the

forefront of her mind in all that time. Julie tried to stop doing it, those guilty but exquisite sessions beneath the bedclothes. If she stopped doing it now, stopped completely, then she wouldn't want to do it when she was in Sweden and there wouldn't be any chance of any guilty secrets showing on her face. But she *couldn't* stop. Now with the thought of the cane firmly set in her mind the desire to do it was that much greater, the desire for that heady release of tension.

Julie couldn't help doing it and then afterwards she felt really dreadful - which meant she also *looked* a bit drained, haggard. 'Are you feeling all right, Julie? You look tired or something.' Her mother's words meant that her friends must have got it right; plainly it *did* show!

'I'm not sure I want to go, Mum,' Julie said mournfully.

Mrs Hendry asked sharply *whatever* had got into her. Of *course* she wanted to go. And Dr Smilby had said she was in the pink of health. He *would*, thought Julie, hotly recalling Dr Smilby's probing fingers. It was Dr Smilby who was the cause of all her worry about the cane. Perhaps Dr

Smilby was wrong? Perhaps he had just been trying to frighten her?

Her family, the Larsens, met her when she arrived and Julie's apprehensions immediately disappeared. Mr and Mrs Larsen, speaking good English, were so nice and friendly that it was impossible to imagine either of them wanting to cane anyone. The girl, Anna, seemed awfully nice too. Oh yes, driving off in their car Julie was quite sure she had just been being silly. She *was* going to have a super time after all. What a *relief*!

But then...they had actually got to the Larsens house before they told her. She was not to stay there, she was to stay with Mr Bergmann, Deputy Principal at Anna's school. Mr Bergmann it seemed was keen to improve his English and so had requested that Julie stay with him. That was a real shock after Julie had decided they were all so nice. But still, if all Swedes were like Mr Larsen..

Anna giggled. 'Mr Bergmann I think is sometimes a very hard man, Julie.' Her mother told her sharply not to be silly.

Mr Bergmann shortly arrived - and Julie's fears came shooting back. He



was not at all like jovial, friendly Mr Larsen. Mr Bergmann was perhaps younger, with a stern, tight-lipped face and sharp eyes behind steel-rimmed spectacles. A face that did not seem to laugh at all. It was easy to imagine him with a cane in his hand.

He declined the offer of a cup of coffee as he was quite busy. But he would take Julie now if it was convenient, so that they could get the arrangements sorted out. Anna smiling brightly said she would see Julie in the morning. Mr Bergmann took her case to his car. She wanted to shout: *No, I don't want to go, I want to stay here.* But you couldn't do that. As everyone had told her she was representing her country while abroad, and must agree politely with everything.

In his little car Mr Bergmann patted Julie's knee. 'I am very pleased to have the opportunity for you to stay with me, Julie. It will be very good for my English. We will have a nice serious talk when we get to my house. To set the basic rules as you say.'

In the sitting room of his house almost the first thing Mr Bergmann said was, 'Are girls still being caned or birched in England, Julie?' She thought she was going to faint or be sick or something. All those frightening thoughts were now it seemed *reality*. Julie felt like weeping. She shook her head.

Mr Bergmann was gazing intently at her through those scary glasses. 'Here we still do. I think mostly in Scandinavian countries we are doing it. Perhaps if you are not, that is why the English teachers have a very bad reputation now. Bad discipline. Hooligans. Oh well, so I expect we will have to introduce you to that, Julie. What do you say?'

Julie shook her head, blinking eyes that were threatening to fill with tears. She hadn't done anything. She wasn't going to do anything. She wouldn't do *that* in bed even *once*. 'No...' she whimpered. 'I don't...'

Mr Bergmann said 'Excuse me' and then was going out of the room. Julie shivered. He had gone to get his cane, she *knew* he had. And that in fact was just what he had done.

Mr Bergmann coming back in with his gown on and, yes, a cane in his hand. It was impossible but nonetheless...A tight little smile on his stern face. 'I think a first introduction, Julie, so you will know what to expect. Yes?'

'No!' she gasped. 'I haven't done anything.'

'Of course not,' he smiled. 'Not yet. But it is so you will know the penalty if there is any temptation or misbehaviour. A warning lesson. Stand here please. Turning to face the wall.'

Mr Bergmann indicated the fireplace set in a green slate wall. Julie

stumbled towards it scarcely able to think. He couldn't really be going to...She was being told to raise her arms, up to the face-high shelf. 'Stand quite still,' he said. And then...Mr Bergmann was lifting her gymslip. Pulling it up to her waist all round. Tucking it in...

Her thighs bare. And her navy blue knickers. But right away Mr Bergmann's hands in the top of her knickers, working them down, until they were completely free of her bottom. Julie's bottom bare - and for that matter her pussy as well - but it was her bottom that was facing Mr Bergmann. Full and firm and trembling slightly as if aware of what it was about to suffer.

SPLATT!!! 'Aaaiieehhhh!'

A frantic gasping yelp as Mr Bergmann's cane delivered its first fierce kiss to the ripe rear. Her buttocks clenching and dancing. The pain was out of this world.

SLAPP!!! 'Nooooo...'

The second was even worse, a red hot poker searing Julie's poor bare bum. 'No, Please...I can't...'

'Keep still, young woman.' Mr

Bergmann's voice strained, excited. For caning girls was exciting even if done for the very best reasons. In particular it was heart-thumpingly exciting to be caning an English girl who had never had it before.

Mr Bergmann's cane zipped in again...and again...

Julie was naturally crying by the time he finally decided she had had enough. Hot tears. Gasping sobs. Her bottom was...*killing*...And she had done nothing. That awful thought made the tears flow even more copiously. Mr Bergmann took her arm, to lead her away from the fireplace. His sharp eyes keenly on the striped bottom...and then on her equally exposed front. A very well-developed girl. And at present a very distressed one. He pursed his lips. Two full weeks to come. For him to practise his English. And to practise also the disciplining of this splendid young English girl.

That night in bed Julie couldn't help herself. Couldn't help doing it. Not after that dreadful caning for *nothing*. If she was going to be caned for *nothing* anyway...



GIRL TRAINING

'Quite a few today, Charlotte. And some nice sounding ones. Sussex...Dorset...'

Mrs Woodley pushed the folded copy of *The Times* across the breakfast table to her daughter. Saturday 16 March 1996. It was open to the Personal columns and under Training (Girls) there was indeed quite a list of entries. Charlotte gave the paper a dismissive glance and pushed it back.

'Oh Mum...'

Meaning: Oh Mum I don't want to go. No doubt a familiar moan at breakfast tables throughout the country in households containing 16 year old girls (or indeed boys for that matter). It would be very nice to spend the whole of the summer in untroubled, carefree pleasures — as 18 year olds had always done in the past. But no longer. The powers that be had decided to do something about carefree — but also at times ill-disciplined and antisocial — youth.

There *was* a choice but not much of one. You could do a month's summer training at a regular State camp — or you could do it with one of the properly accredited private individuals. Those gentlemen who advertised their services in the very proper medium of *The Times* Personal columns. The State camps had a rather frightening reputation. As for the gentlemen in *The Times*, well, they *were* accredited and they *might* not be so bad.

'Do you want to go to camp?' queried Mrs Woodley and the answer was of course No — or at least an unhappy shake of the pretty blonde head.

'Well then. Look, Charlotte, you really can't hang about any longer. If you haven't any preference I shall just go ahead and fix one up.'

Which she did. Which was how Charlotte Woodley came to be on the train down to Dorset some four months later. The third week of July and the holidays just started. Except that they were not going to be holidays exactly. Charlotte gazed morosely out of the carriage window at pretty sun-kissed fields and hedgerows. Mr Thornton he was called. What would he be like? You heard some awful things from some girls. Some gentlemen it seemed could be worse than the camps. Maybe she should have opted for that. Except that you *knew* you were going to get it at camp.

Was she going to get it from Mr Thornton? He *looked* all right when he met her at the station. An older gentleman in a tweed jacket, with a friendly smile. As he looked her up and down. Charlotte hadn't met him before but she had had to send a photograph. Two photographs in fact; one a full-face photo and one with no clothes on. Asking for this Mr Thornton had said it was for her medical record.

Presumably that was normal. At least Dr Whittaker hadn't said anything when she went to his office to ask for it. Just gave a little laugh and told her to take her clothes off and then he took the photos in his examination room. In fact he didn't just take one but several, in various positions. Some of them had made her flush. 'Send them all; he'll love them.' Dr Whittaker had laughed. Not knowing if Dr Whittaker was joking Charlotte had sent them all.

Those photos at least ensured that she was taken on by Mr Thornton and he had replied at once to say he'd have her for the first two weeks of the holiday. Then she would have to do two weeks with someone else to make up her required four. A place in Essex had been arranged for that. But this now on the station in the little town in Dorset was Mr Thornton who had seen those embarrassing nude pictures of her. Greeting him, Charlotte tried not to think about the pictures.

As they walked down the platform Mr Thornton, carrying her suitcase, took hold of Charlotte's bottom in his free right hand. Cupping the slim left cheek through her cotton skirt. Naturally Charlotte didn't attempt to squirm away or anything like that. She was with Mr Thornton to be trained in obedience — and anything else he felt like training her in. Submissiveness and discipline were what was required.

'I liked your photographs, Charlotte. You're a very pretty girl. And a pretty shape as well. Who took the photos?'

Oh dear! It would have to come up right away. Charlotte shuddered slightly at the thought of those photos and some of the poses that Dr Whittaker had made her assume. She *was* a pretty girl, blonde with big violet-blue eyes and a soft full mouth. Also a slim but shapely figure at present in her blazer and skirt and top. She told Mr Thornton that Dr Whittaker had taken the photos.

'Ah your doctor. And has he...?'

That was perhaps not a completely unexpected question although getting it this soon, after only a few minutes, came as a bit of a shock. Charlotte felt herself flushing as she told Mr Thornton that Dr Whittaker had. That was quite common, to have your family doctor do it. Certainly better than having it happen with some eager but thoughtless and inexperienced youth. Charlotte of course, from a nice middle-class family, was not allowed out with boys but nonetheless it was thought a good thing for a girl to lose her virginity at 18. Dr Whittaker had done it the day after her birthday, in his examination room, and then a further two times in the next week. To make sure everything was all right. That was three months ago. Charlotte hadn't done it since.

That was what she told Mr Thornton when he asked her that question. He gave a little laugh. 'No boyfriends?' Charlotte said No.

'Mmmm. That is how it should be of course. When one thinks of how young people — girls — were allowed to run virtually wild back in the 60s, 70s and 80s it really boggles the imagination.'

Charlotte said 'Yes Mr Thornton.' She knew about those times and it would certainly be strange to have that freedom. A lot of girls said they would love to have lived then but Charlotte wasn't so sure. A little bit of it would be nice, though. She knew a boy she would like to be able to see and chat with, but of course her mother wouldn't allow it. No boyfriends until she was 19.

Outside the station Mr Thornton's car was waiting. Another grope at Charlotte's rear as he held the door open for her. That part of Charlotte of course was no doubt going to be in for a good deal of treatment during her stay with Mr Thornton. Discipline was primarily applied via a girl's bottom and that was what she had come to Mr Thornton for, however reluctantly. He drove off, his hand on Charlotte's thigh. Had she been caned at all yet? Or switched; or the strap?

Charlotte shook her head. Girls usually weren't given corporal discipline until they were 16. Charlotte had been 16 for three months but she had had no experience of it yet, neither at school where she was a model pupil nor at home where anyway her parents did not believe in dishing it out themselves. But the fact remained that everyone, model pupils included, had to have it. That was what the State now decreed; it was a necessary part of growing up.

Mr Thornton squeezed the thigh. Giving it to a girl who hadn't had it before was always a special thrill. All for the social good of course, but a thrill nonetheless.



So much so that he really didn't feel like hanging about, not even until he got her home which was some 30 minutes drive from the station. Therefore once out in the country he turned off the road, down a lane which conveniently led towards some woods. Arthur Thornton had been here before and for a similar purpose. Some 50 yards from where he stopped the car was a fallen tree trunk, in a pleasant glade in the woods. A trunk of a convenient height for a gentleman to sit on. Mr Thornton sat on it. And smiled at his new house guest.

'I think we might, er, see how you take it. As you haven't had it before, Charlotte. Just a spanking right now, to get you into things. Eh?' He smiled again. 'So slip your knickers down please.'

Charlotte felt her knees wobble a bit. But maybe she should think herself lucky. A spanking couldn't be as bad as the cane or a riding crop. And at a State camp everyone got that as soon as they were signed in. A riding crop or cane across the bare bottom from one of those horrendous instructors they had there. Charlotte knew a couple of girls who had been to State camps and had heard the frightening details. With private gentlemen, such as Mr Thornton, you could hear all sorts of stories. Some good and some bad. A spanking couldn't be *that* bad. As for taking down her knickers...well, it wasn't nice but after Dr Whittaker it clearly wasn't the end of the world. Charlotte's hands fumbled up under her skirt.

She got herself over Mr Thornton's flannel-trousered lap. And felt her skirt slid up round her waist. His hand briefly on her bare bum. Then pulling her knickers further down. Back on her bum again...and then...

She gasped out with the sharp, hot pain. It was a *whole lot* worse than she had imagined, a hot searing SPLAT, knocking the breath out of her. And then another....And another...-Charlotte heard herself gasping out. '*Please Stop...No...*' Not that Mr Thornton was likely to stop before he was ready. This was what she had come here for. This and the cane and the strap. For two weeks. Not to mention...any of that other...

Some while later Mr Thornton was saying, 'There that wasn't too bad, was it?' His voice a bit breathless but Charlotte could anyway only hear indistinctly. Her head was ringing, her poor bottom was *red hot* and there were salt tears on her face. Mr Thornton's hand slid over the glowing globes. And then sliding in between her legs. Charlotte made a gurling sound.

A thoughtful 'Mmmmm' from Mr Thornton.

Mr Thornton's house was substantial, set in its own grounds at the edge of a pretty village. A pleasant spot - if a girl was in a position to enjoy it. Charlotte as she got out of Mr Thornton's car was still feeling the mind-zapping effects of that traumatic stop in the wood. That was a nice place too - apart from what had happened there. Charlotte didn't have any knickers on now. They were in Mr Thornton's jacket pocket. He smiled benignly. 'Well here we are. Shall we go in?'

Inside and upstairs to what was to be her room. A pretty chintzy little room looking out onto the garden. Flowered curtains and a matching cover on the bed. A comfortable looking armchair. A dressing table. And to one side a full-sized rocking horse.

On closer inspection, it was not a rocking horse. It was not on rockers but set firmly on stout legs on the floor. It was a horse, though, painted shiny brown and white with a hair mane and tail and leather saddle and stirrups.

'He's called Jack,' smiled Mr Thornton. 'He likes to give girls a ride.'

Then Charlotte saw that leaning against Jack's front leg was a nasty looking riding crop.

Mr Thornton was feeling that urge coming on very strongly again, as he had before they stopped in the woods. The urge to get into action once more. Being in that room with Jack standing there waiting and his riding crop waiting too always had this effect. Especially at the beginning of a

girl's stay when she was fresh and untried.

'We'll have a little ride, shall we? Get your blazer and skirt off. And then get up on Jack.'

Mr Thornton hadn't said it but he didn't need to. Charlotte glanced at the crop and looked quickly away. He was going to use it, she *knew*. On her bare bottom.

She felt a panicky urge to plead, to get down on her knees and *beg*. She *couldn't* take that crop. Not on her bare bottom which was where Charlotte knew she was going to get it. She couldn't. But...she knew you weren't supposed to plead and beg. You were supposed to take your disciplining, accept it. Otherwise you could be given a double dose or worse. Girls at State camps who tried pleading their way out of a chastisement were hauled off to a special room and caned all night. So Charlotte's friend Sarah had told her. And Charlotte had already done that moaning and wailing out in the woods. She pursed her lips and obeyed. Took off her blazer and then her skirt. Her knickers of course were already off, in Mr Thornton's pocket.

In just her blouse and knee socks and sandals Charlotte grabbed a handful of Jack's mane and managed to get a foot in the stirrups. They were fastened very high but there was a wooden step at either side of Jack. There was also Mr Thornton with his obliging hand, lifting Charlotte between her legs. She sat down on the leather saddle but Mr Thornton said no, that wasn't quite right. He needed her bottom up, higher. He had two cushions ready which he put on the saddle between her legs.

She now had her slim buttocks right up, in the air. Arthur Thornton beamed approval. Excellent! His hand patted the firm young rump. Then he reached for his crop. An involuntary yelp of fearful anticipation from the mounted girl as she saw. Desperately she clung on to the mane. It was going to be a killing pain, she knew that. Unbelievable. Her friend Sarah had told her that. 'A riding crop is unbelievable.' That spanking had been bad enough, but nothing...

CRACK!!!

Charlotte shot abruptly forward, almost as it were out into orbit. She heard herself scream out. Her bottom was cut in two, it had to be, the crop slicing in underneath, cutting killingly across what ripeness there was in those almost boyish buttocks. '*Nooooo...*'

'Hang on, young lady!' Mr Thornton keenly eyeing the already bright red stripe.

CRACK!!

'*Aiiiiieehhh!*'

Once again she jolted forward, clutching frantically at the man like a shipwrecked sailor in raging seas. The pain *was* unbelievable. There was no way she could take any more. '*Please....eeasse..*'

CRACK!!!

'*Aaaiieehhh!*'

Six. Six altogether. Mr Thornton liked to give a girl a six to start her off. Not too excessive but just get her going nicely as it were. And then...carefully he put down the crop.

Charlotte was in a state of not really knowing what was happening. Her brain seemed to have left her head and was spinning like some space satellite. Her *bottom...Her poor bottom*.

Vaguely, from out there in the space craft, she became aware that someone - Mr Thornton? - was holding her bottom. Cupping those frantic cheeks. Was he helping her down? No.

'Hold on. Just relax. Good.'

She was coming closer back to earth now. Mr Thornton was up on Jack with her, sitting behind Charlotte on the horse's shiny rump, his feet on those convenient wooden steps. He was easing her back off of the cushions. And...Oh.

Right back to earth now. though her bum was still killing her. Mr Thornton...Like Dr Whittaker...Charlotte gave a little yelp. Some gentlemen did and some didn't. If they did it was simply part of your training. Charlotte hung onto Jack's mane as Mr Thornton bobbed her up and down.



The stairs creaked alarmingly as Alison crept up, one step at a time, trying to keep to the sides in an attempt to prevent discovery. She could see the strip of light under the living room door, where Mr Davidson would probably be sitting dreaming up ways to make her life a misery for the remainder of the mid-term break.

Altogether it hadn't been an easy term at all. First the appalling mid-term exam results, and then her parents' insistence that she keeps her nose to the grindstone through half-term with extra tuition from the redoubtable Mr Davidson, at his house a few miles from the college.

The biggest blow was not being able to get home for the holiday, where she had planned to spend a long weekend with Ian, her boyfriend, and Jackie from the stables. Her plans now in ruins as she worked to save her academic career, Alison winced as the stair gave a particularly loud groan. She tried stepping further over, but the effect was even worse. And then the noise she dreaded. The creak of moving furniture as a body moved in the living room, and a broad bar of

light spilled across the hall.

"Is that you, Alison?" came the voice. That voice. Mr Donaldson's voice.

"Er, yes, Mr Donaldson, I just popped down for a snack..." Alison turned and smiled, unconvincingly.

"Did you not have enough at dinner?" came the question, probing delicately as he walked to the bottom of the stairs.

"Well, I just felt a little peckish, sir, and I thought it would be all right if I..."

"It would have been nice if you'd asked before rooting through the cupboards: Mrs Macfarlane will wonder who's been raiding her larder when she comes in tomorrow morning."

"Sorry, sir."

An awkward pause.

"And can you also explain the mud on the back of your legs, Alison?"

She glanced involuntarily down and back and sighed as she saw the tell-tale splashes of mud. It must have been when the bike crossed the lane. Tractors had left mud right across the road and Ian had been forced to drive

through it when he brought her back from their illegal outing to the pub.

"Oh, it must have been when I went out for a walk earlier," she smiled again.

Unconvincingly. He was coming up the stairs now, reaching down, rubbing his hand across her bare calf, and holding it up for inspection.

"This mud is fresh. Where have you just been?" Another unanswerable question.

"Just for a walk, sir, that's all."

"Come downstairs, I want to have a word with you."

Alison sighed again, and trod wearily down to stand uncomfortably in front of the unremitting tutor. She felt more and more like a naughty schoolgirl than the mature young lady she was. Her new college gave her a great deal more freedom than she had expected: a freedom which she regularly abused. The poor mock exam results had been her comeuppance.

"Now, young lady, let's get to the bottom of this, shall we? Lift up your skirt and turn round."

"What for, sir?" Alison asked, half

HALF TERM HIATUS





turning as she had been instructed.

"I wish to see if the splashes of mud are consistent with your story, or if you may be attempting to deceive me. Now lift your skirt please."

The girl shuffled round and hitched her skirt up above her knees. "Higher," came the order. A hand on the back of her leg as he bent and inspected the marks. Alison lifted her skirt to mid-thigh. For some silly reason, she thought he was going to smack her on the bottom, though why this idea had come into her head she couldn't imagine. It must have been the incongruity of standing there with her skirt raised. He wouldn't dare to *hit* her.

His hand was on the back of her right thigh now, above the level of her skirt. He pushed her hands higher,

forcing the skirt up. "Christ," thought Alison, "he'll be able to see my bum in a minute!"

"Tell me, Alison, do you lie to your parents?"

"No, Mr Davidson," she lied.

"I don't believe you," he confirmed. "This mud is fresh, and extends well up the back of both legs. Hardly the result of a stroll, I think..." His voice drifted away, letting the thought lie gently in the air while Alison's brain fought to get into gear. She normally prided herself on the resourcefulness of her excuses.

"I, er..." she began.

"I would suggest that the truth might be an idea."

All of a sudden, as if of its own volition, Alison heard her voice explain that she had been out for a ride

with a friend on a motorcycle, to get some cigarettes from the village.

"The name of your friend?" he asked.

"Ian Hamilton," she heard herself say.

"I see."

Mr Davidson went to the desk and extracted a single sheet of paper from a file, glanced at it and passed it without comment to the girl. She read it slowly.

Name of pupil: ALISON MORTON. School: St Andrew's, Form: VI, Examinations: English, French 'A' level July 1986, Age: 18.1.

There were two or three paragraphs relating to the terms and conditions of her private tuition, payment and so on, then at the bottom:

In common with schools conforming to the European Court of Human Rights'

ruling about corporal punishment, we offer parents the option of excluding their daughter from such punishment, which are normally given only for serious breaches of discipline. If you would prefer to exclude your daughter from receiving corporal punishment, please initial below.

The space was blank.

Alison looked at Mr Davidson. His face gave nothing away. Surely he couldn't be thinking of *beating* her. She was no longer a child, and had never been hit in her life, although she knew the cane was still used as a last resort at her school.

"I think you had better go upstairs and have a bath, get cleaned up, and then I'll come up to your room and deal with you," he said.

She didn't dare to ask what "deal with you" meant. Bleating an obedient "Yes, Sir," she let her skirt fall and turned to go. "Ten minutes, Alison, please."

Upstairs, she had a swift bath and returned to her bedroom, a blue towel wrapped round her still dripping form. Standing nude by the door she patted herself dry and tied her hair back with a ribbon, before wrapping the towel round again and sitting on the bed. Picking up a second towel, she began

to dry her feet, when a creak outside the door announced someone's presence. The door swung open.

Alison's arm went up across her front to hold her shoulder, although the towel protected her modesty completely, and turned to face him. Her eyes widened in surprise and alarm as she registered the long, slim, crook handled school cane he carried.

"You're not...?" she began.

Mr Davidson nodded: "I have your parents' authority, my girl, as I have shown you. You must learn that you are here to work, not fallivant around the countryside with young men on motorbikes, however old you are."

He swished the wicked malacca through the air, and noticed the girl flinch at the evil sound.

"Could you give me a minute to get dressed, Mr Davidson?" she asked.

"That won't be necessary, Alison. The part of your anatomy we shall shortly be educating wll not require clothing."

He came round to the other side of the bed, and her eyes followed him disbelievingly. Surely he wasn't going to use that thing on her *bare* bum? It was unheard of at school.

"Lie face down," he ordered.

"But Mr Davidson..." she thought

desperately, "What happens if Mrs Macfarlaine hears?"

"Mrs Macfarlaine is not in this evening. She is spending the night with her sister. And if she were here, she would of course witness your disgrace."

Realising there were no options, Alison mumbled: "Ummm, how many...?"

"Six of the best," he announced with a slight smile.

"Six?" she gulped. He nodded.

As she turned round, the towel pulled free to expose her breasts, and she rolled swiftly onto her tummy to hide them from his flickering eyes.

Davidson missed nothing, savouring the brief glimpse of her rounded, bobbing globes and remembering how enticing they had looked the other day when Alison had arrived for her tutorial wearing a T-shirt but patently no bra. It was after that lesson, when he watched her denim-clad bottom undulate gently from the room, that he had decided to seek an excuse to soundly thrash this pretty redhead.

He ran the slender malacca up the back of the girl's thighs, and reached over with his left hand to tug the blue towel firmly off the target area. The







broad expanse of her soft, pale buttocks was exposed, the hips well-rounded, the smooth thighs pressed tightly together.

"Put that pillow under your hips." He tapped the object with the tip of the cane as she reached out, pulled it down the bed and lifted her hips while she slid it deftly under. Her bottom was now raised to a position Davidson though perfect, the cheeks' soft contours waiting for the arrival of the initial stroke.

He swished the punishing length through the air again, and smiled slightly as he noticed the girl's bottom tense momentarily.

"Have you been caned before, Alison?" he asked almost concernedly.

"No, sir," came the subdued reply.

"Well, I think you will find the experience a salutary one at your age: you're old enough to be beaten properly. How many did I say?"

"Six of the best," she confirmed.

For the next minute or so, Alison's modesty and self-control were lost as she received as sound a beating as it was possible to administer, the meaty, flesh-parting strokes delivered with full force in a regular tattoo. The cane marched steadily down from the upper curve of her buttocks to the final stroke just below the crease between bottom and thigh which wrenched a shriek of distress from the prone teenager.

The first and second strokes extracted a gasp of surprised pain at the burning, cutting malacca, the next two warranting high-pitched yelps, before the final strokes - delivered with precision - slashed across her unprotected rear-end to remind her of the error of her ways.

Alison's body was wracked with sobs, her shoulders heaving as she fought to control the pain in her ravaged backside. The caning had been a great deal more painful than she had expected, but nothing could have prepared her for that skilled onslaught.

With a brisk and cliché-laden "Let that be a lesson to you, my girl," Mr Davidson slammed the door behind him and stood outside grinning to himself.

On the bed, Alison rolled onto her left side and attempted to stop the flow of tears caused by her embarrassing and painful experience. Her right hand went down to gingerly feel the reddened corrugations on her bottom.

"After this," she thought, "it can only get better." Or perhaps not...



FLIGHTS OF FANCY

An English garden on a drowsy English summer afternoon. A very charming garden, although it's charm does not lie in it's orderliness; it is, indeed, an exuberantly dis-ordered garden. Mr Mascoll's garden is what is called a wild garden. That is he doesn't weed flower beds or put weedkiller on his lawn. Instead plants are invited to grow as they will, invaders as welcome as the rest. The result is that Mr Mascoll's garden resembles more a field of ripening hay with rich grasses enthusiastically thrusting up their tall seed stalks in competition with a multitude of meadow plants; wild buttercup and dandelion and shepherd's purse, Queen Anne's lace and cornflower, crimson poppies and mauve mallows. All of this riotous growth brings a great buzz of bees with various sorts of butterfly flitting here and there.

Mr Mascoll has not left his garden completely to it's own devices however. He does mow a narrow strip down the centre, to form a grassy path, and also keeps it mown at the end under the apple trees. There is after all no point having a garden, even a wild one, if you can't get into it. Mr Mascoll is presently enjoying the benefits of his garden in the company of a young friend, Annabel, whom he has escorted from the house to the present site of activity — well, inactivity really, at the moment.

Annabel stands tilt-hipped and rather at a loss beneath the apple trees while Mr Mascoll sets up his camp stool and gets out his drawing board and pencils. They make an odd couple, Mr Mascoll being well advanced in years, though still quite fit, while Annabel is hardly more than eighteen and still an unsophisticated girl rather than a young woman. Virginal, one might almost have said, although if one wanted to be accurate one would have to take into account the last several days Annabel has spent here at Mr Mascoll's house, which has rather altered things in that respect. It would be unfair to Mr Mascoll to go into detail about precisely how he has managed to arrange this situation, but it has something to do with his friendship with a certain Mr Purley and **his** connections with a rather senior gentleman of the cloth, whose influence is known to spread wide and whose interests, though less known, are far-ranging and perhaps a little unusual for someone in his position. Mr Mascoll is in shirt sleeves, rolled up; Annabel is not in anything; she is nude.

Annabel is not wearing her clothes because Mr Mascoll has made her take them off. It is a hot sunny afternoon, true, but Annabel would still rather have something on. For one thing you know that when you have no clothes on it can get a gentleman suddenly very excited and there is not much you can do about it. Annabel knows this from personal experience with both Mr Mascoll and Mr Purley. The youthful female form exposed does have this effect, in particular if it is one as enticing as Annabel's.

Annabel's clothes are in Mr Mascoll's breakfast room. Her jeans and top and knickers and bra and sandals. 'I don't know why you wear that thing,' Mr Mascoll said meaning her bra and pinching Annabel's pink nips to make them stand out. Annabel wears one of course because of her mother and all those other people — the vicar! — who are very keen on such things and who if they ever dreamt about Mr Mascoll and Mr Purley would probably fall down in a dead faint.

'I need the nude form, Annabel dear. I need the clean lines of your lissom limbs. For my drawings.' Annabel has

given a little 'Eeeekkk!' as Mr Mascoll's fingers did something which you **could** do if a girl had no clothes on.

Annabel puts up with having to go 'Eeeek!' from time to time, because if she didn't Mr Mascoll would most likely get cross and send her to her room and do something which he called 'gingering up', which meant caning her bare bottom until she went 'Oooggh!' and 'Oooww!', quite a lot. On the whole, it was better to put up with having to go 'Eeek' now and then, than getting her bum caned and going 'OOOOGH!'

At the moment at least, out here under the apple trees, Mr Mascoll isn't thinking about his cane. Nor is he thinking about that other in spite of the fact that he has her scrumptious form nude for the asking. Mr Mascoll, shirt sleeves rolled up and eyes intent, is working. At his drawings.

Annabel has a little earlier seen what Mr Mascoll is drawing. He showed it to her and grinning asked what she thought. Annabel shrugged. It was her of course but not nude because Mr Mascoll had drawn a sort of playsuit thing on her, with tabs and 'D' rings. Very mysterious.

He has told her what he is working on now, with that gleaming look in his eye, claiming to have had a 'brilliant idea'. That is what he said. 'A brilliant idea, Annabel!' The plan, apparently, is that the playsuit should be used for — of all things — swimming training!

Annabel can swim but not very well, nothing fancy. Certainly not as well as Jennifer, who has had special instruction from Mr Purley's friend, Mr Heathershaw. What not everyone knows, though Annabel knows because Jennifer has told her, is what Mr Heathershaw requires for his special lessons. What would Jennifer's mother — and Annabel's mother and the vicar and everyone else — think of that! There would no doubt be quite a lot of falling down in dead faints.

But Annabel at least has not had extra lessons from Mr Heathershaw (he **has** offered but Annabel said 'Er, no thanks.') and so her swimming is not so hot. Probably even if she could swim well Mr Mascoll would still want to have her in his special swimming gear that he has thought of. Because no doubt the swimming part of it is just an excuse. There in any case does not seem to be any water involved. Not in that first drawing that Mr Mascoll showed her.

That one was a different position. Breast stroke probably. At least she was on her front. Now it is back stroke he is doing and so not surprisingly Annabel is on her back. On Mr Mascoll's garden table. On a towel with her legs spread wide, knees raised, and her arms up above her head. Mr Mascoll with his drawing pad and pencils is sitting in his garden chair placed close to the end of the table opposite to that where Annabel's head is.

When you think about it, about what Mr Mascoll can see, what indeed he is no doubt **gazing at** as he draws, it can make a girl want to crawl away somewhere. Or at the very least close her legs. But Mr Mascoll of course specifically wants them nice and wide. Annabel, gazing herself up at the apple tree and its little ripening apples, is doing her best **not** to think about it. It is a kind of torment, being nude like this on the table and having to show him **that**, but mental torment at least. Mental torment is better than physical torment i.e. having Mr Mascoll's cane across your bare bum or the bare backs of your thighs.

Mr Mascoll hasn't wanted to use the cane so far today and maybe, being so inspired by his brilliant new idea, being so engrossed in it, he won't want to. Maybe also he won't want anything else.

'Keep the legs open, Annabel. Nice and wide. And lift one up in the air.'

Annabel groans a bit but does it. Mr Mascoll pulls his chair closer, right up to the table. His hand on her knee. Annabel's other leg is up in the air.

'Can you hold this position?' Mr Mascoll's hand trails up the silky inside of her thigh. 'Not for a long time.'

Annabel is very conscious of the hand, the lightly caressing fingertips. And what are they approaching. That downy split peach. Is Mr Mascoll perhaps losing his concentration on his drawing for the moment?

'Well hold it then. Hold your leg up.'

Annabel does, two hands supporting her raised leg at the knee. That is a lot easier, but....'Nnnggghhh'

An indistinct sound plops out from the pretty mouth indicating that Mr Mascoll's hand has indeed gone where she feared it would. His fingertips stroke it. And then something slides along between the slightly moist lips. Causing another of those 'Nnnggghhh' sounds.

'Do you know what this is?' A light laugh as he does it. 'Is it my finger or my pencil?'

Annabel squirms and shakes her head. It is in fact Mr Mascoll's pencil which has popped between the puffy outer lips and in its up and down motion is causing some mayhem with Annabel's self-control system. Not the sharp end of the pencil, the other, rounded, shiny painted one.

'And what about this?' Something slides right in. And out and in again. Annabel, still somehow managing to hold her leg aloft shakes her head from side to side. 'Don't!' she gasps. 'Someone...could see.'

Both Mr Mascoll and Mr Purley at times have the urge to do things in their gardens and Annabel can never quite shake off the sense of someone there in the shrubbery **watching**. Perhaps it is illogical, both gardens are thickly shrouded with dense greenery, but still...They both have neighbours. Mr Mascoll's neighbour has a man who comes in to do his garden which is well kept up, like Mr Purley's. Annabel has seen him, when she was arriving once on her bike. It seemed to Annabel that he looked at her with a very knowing look. What if he is there now, watching all this. With binoculars even. Or a **camera**. And then went to her mother...or the vicar...

'Please!' she gasps again, rolling about both from that heart-stopping thought and from what Mr Mascoll is doing, which he is not any longer, in fact, doing with his pencil. Mr Mascoll's hand does at last come away. Annabel who has been gritting her teeth to control herself can relax just a little. Mr Mascoll pinches the inside of her thigh and then gets back to work. Making Annabel squirm about on the table is highly diverting but he must get on with his drawings.

It is going to require modifications to the suit of course. Rings on the actual lower half of the suit would be preferable. At present the bottom is free of rings, it has simply the side zips for convenient removal when the wearer is...Yes. But if there are rings on the suit itself and not just the belt the suit bottom will need to be kept on when the subject is....mmm...suspended. And so...for access...? A slit perhaps...?

Hmmm. It needs very serious thought. Mr Mascoll concentrates all his efforts, his thoughts, the pictures in his mind, flowing down through his arm, his facile fingers, and out onto the white paper.

Annabel gazes up into the tree. Her leg is beginning to hurt even though she is holding it. There couldn't **really** be someone watching. Could there? Hidden in that shiny green of the high laurel hedge? That character next door? No. At least Mr Mascoll has stopped that business and is back at his drawing pad. Thankfully he has lost interest in that other stuff. And she will anyway have to go soon. Annabel has told Mr Mascoll she has to be back at five and it must be getting on. She tries to squint up at her watch. Then she sees Mr Mascoll is getting up. Smiling.

'That will do for now. You can put that delicious limb down.'

And get up off the table? 'I think I'd better be...' He is grinning still. 'Yes. But not **right** now, Annabel. In just a little while.' Mr Mascoll's hand is at his belt.

Oh. The blue eyes register sudden alarm. 'Please...' Annabel begins to get up, off of her back. Then falls back

down again as Mr Mascoll sharply pulls the towel on which she is lying. Pulling her towards him. He continues to pull until her bottom is off the table. But Annabel's bottom is not falling as Mr Mascoll takes hold of the twin cheeks, cupping them. Her legs are still open and Mr Mascoll...

Oh! Although Annabel is on her back and can't see it is evident that Mr Mascoll has undone his belt and also the zip of his trousers. 'And also...No...

'No! not out **here**.'

Mr Mascoll laughs. 'What's this now?'

Quite clearly it is not his finger or his pencil. He comes forward. At the same time...oh cripes.

What if someone were to be watching this? And photograph it. Mr Mascoll with a blissful look...

* * * *

'Hey!' yelps Annabel, alarmed, as she swings dizzily forward. Under the apple trees again but not on the table now. Suspended fore and aft, at shoulders and bottom, from two high branches. Upside-down or on her front as it would be if she were in the water. 'Hey!' Another alarmed shout as Mr Mascoll with a hand at her ankle pulls her back again and then lets go.

Yes, Mr Mascoll has lost no time in having his modifications made, or rather in having a playsuit made up which incorporates them. And also of course those stout webbing straps which suspend this pretty girl. It is only three days later, another lovely sunny afternoon and Annabel is having her first test. She swings back and Mr Mascoll's hand steadies her. She is suspended so that she is just about hip high to Mr Mascoll. She could, of course, get out of the contraption but that would mean getting out of her shorts too, and would certainly mean being sent to her room for a caned bottom later on.

'Let's try some breast stroke first,' he suggests. 'Start with basics. So let's have your legs nice and wide.'

Annabel groans but does as she is told. It is a **very** funny feeling being hung above the ground like this. What if one of those straps breaks? Or the branch? 'I don't like it,' she wails. Then: 'Eeekkk!'

Mr Mascoll has hold of one leg and his other hand has suddenly slipped between her legs. And not just that. 'Eeekk!' There doesn't seem to be anything...

Mr Mascoll had got the suit on Annabel rather quickly. Otherwise she would have noticed that particular modification. His fingers fondle and then let go. He gives her another push. 'Come on: breast stroke.'

The swinging Annabel produces a frog-like action: legs kicking wide, hands sliding forward to pierce an imaginary watery medium. She is still quivering from Mr Mascoll's hand. How could...? Has the suit **split**?

From the thick green hedge the unseen watcher observes in wide-eyed wonderment. **Kinky!** In fact kinky is hardly the word, not nearly strong enough. Bert Skiddaw, though, not being a man with a notably large vocabulary, cannot think of a better one. 'Bloody amazing' which also passes silently through his lips does not do justice either.

Is it some strange intuition that has drawn Mr Skiddaw, jobbing gardener next door, to crawl into the hedge as he has done some five minutes earlier? Or some weird telepathic tuning in to Annabel's fears that someone might do just this? Whatever, the fact is that he **did** see her arrive this afternoon on her bike. And he **has** seen her come round next door a couple of times before. And today...something just seemed to draw him to the hedge. To push aside the branches and clamber in. Until...**bloody unbelievable!**

And not much later, as he continues to watch in round-eyed fascination, it becomes even more unbelievable. That Mr Mascoll is now actually...Swinging the girl backwards and forwards. In and out in fact. Standing there under his apple tree and actually...**well he never did!**

MR. MASCOLL'S V



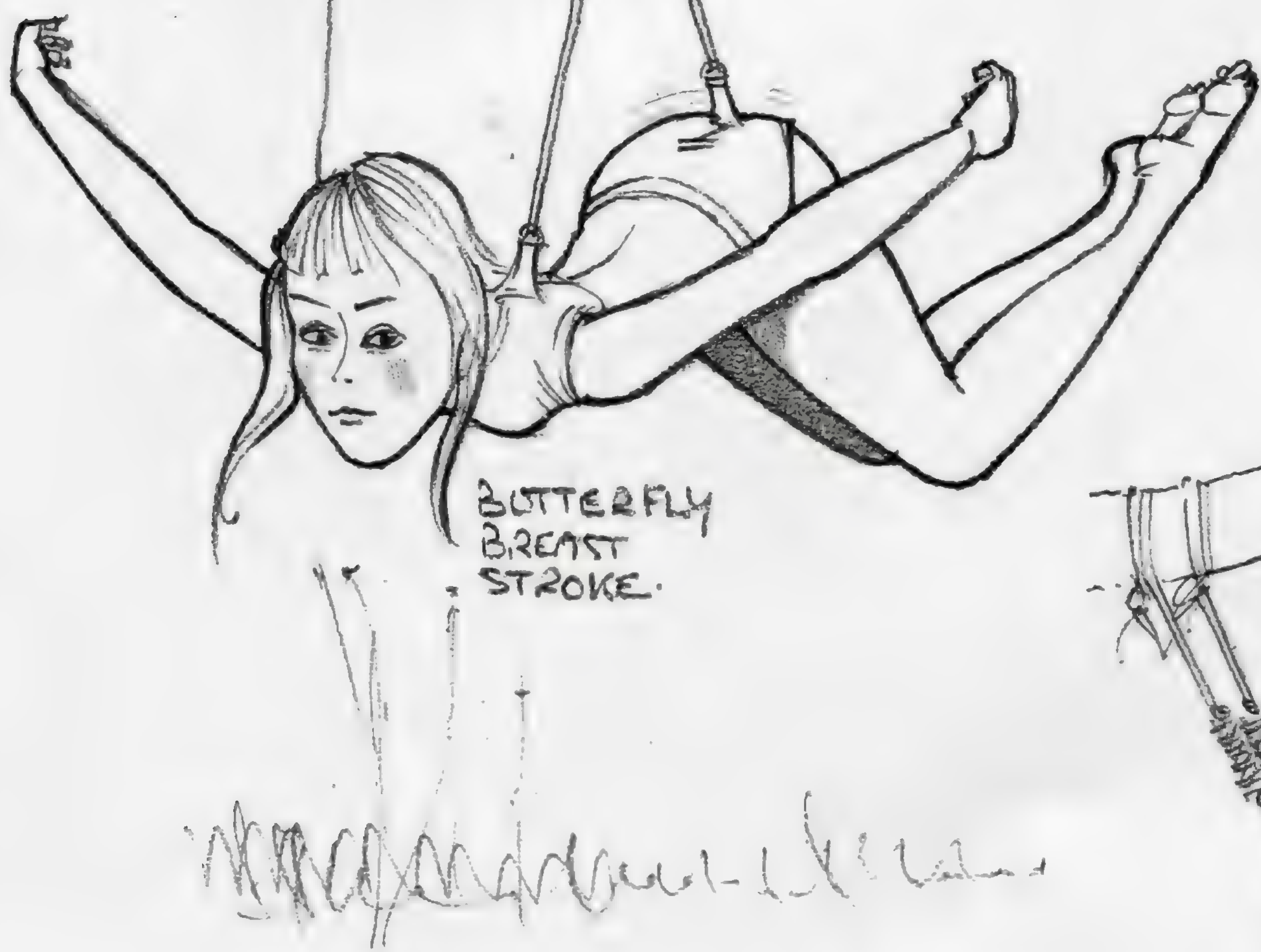
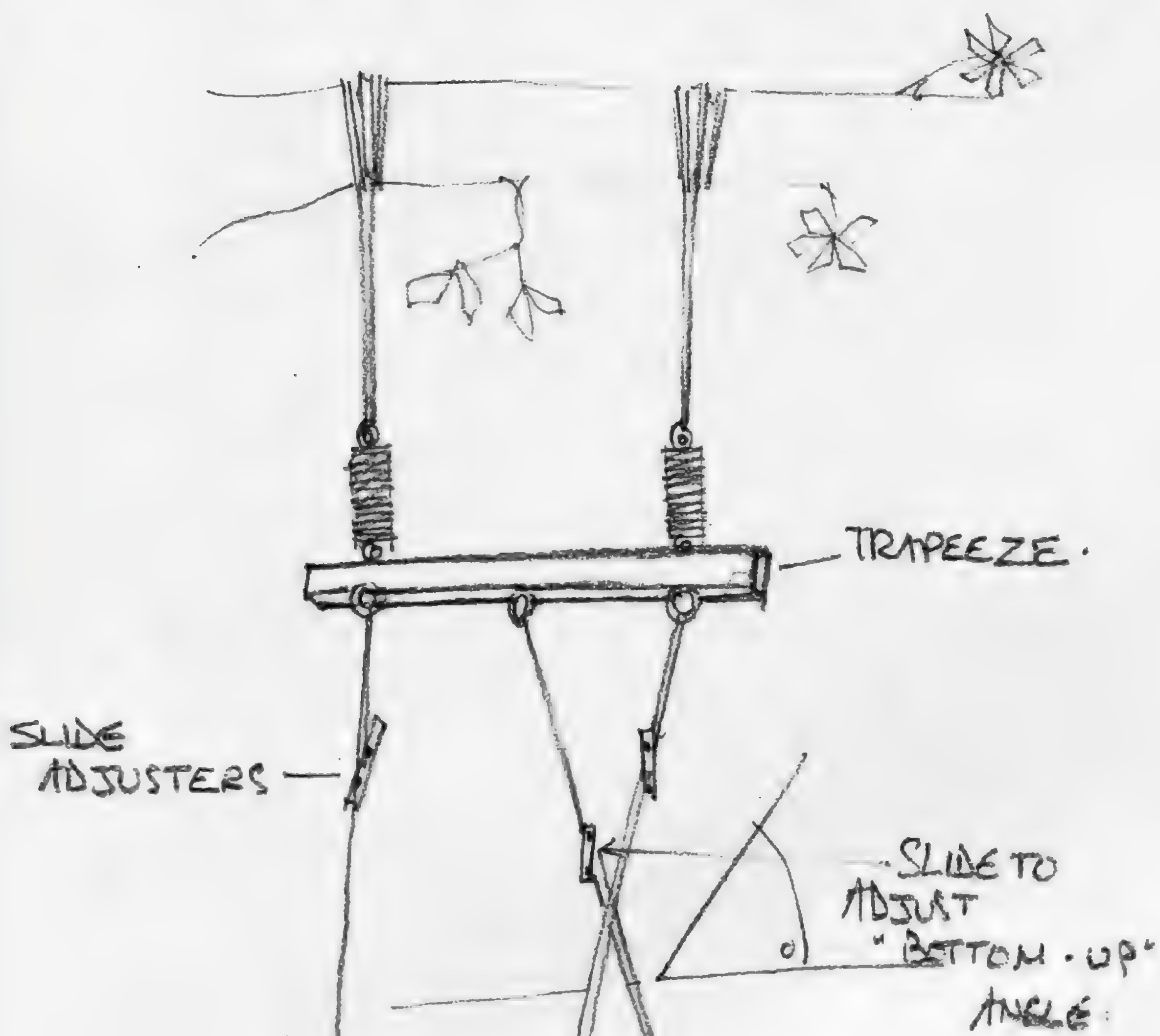
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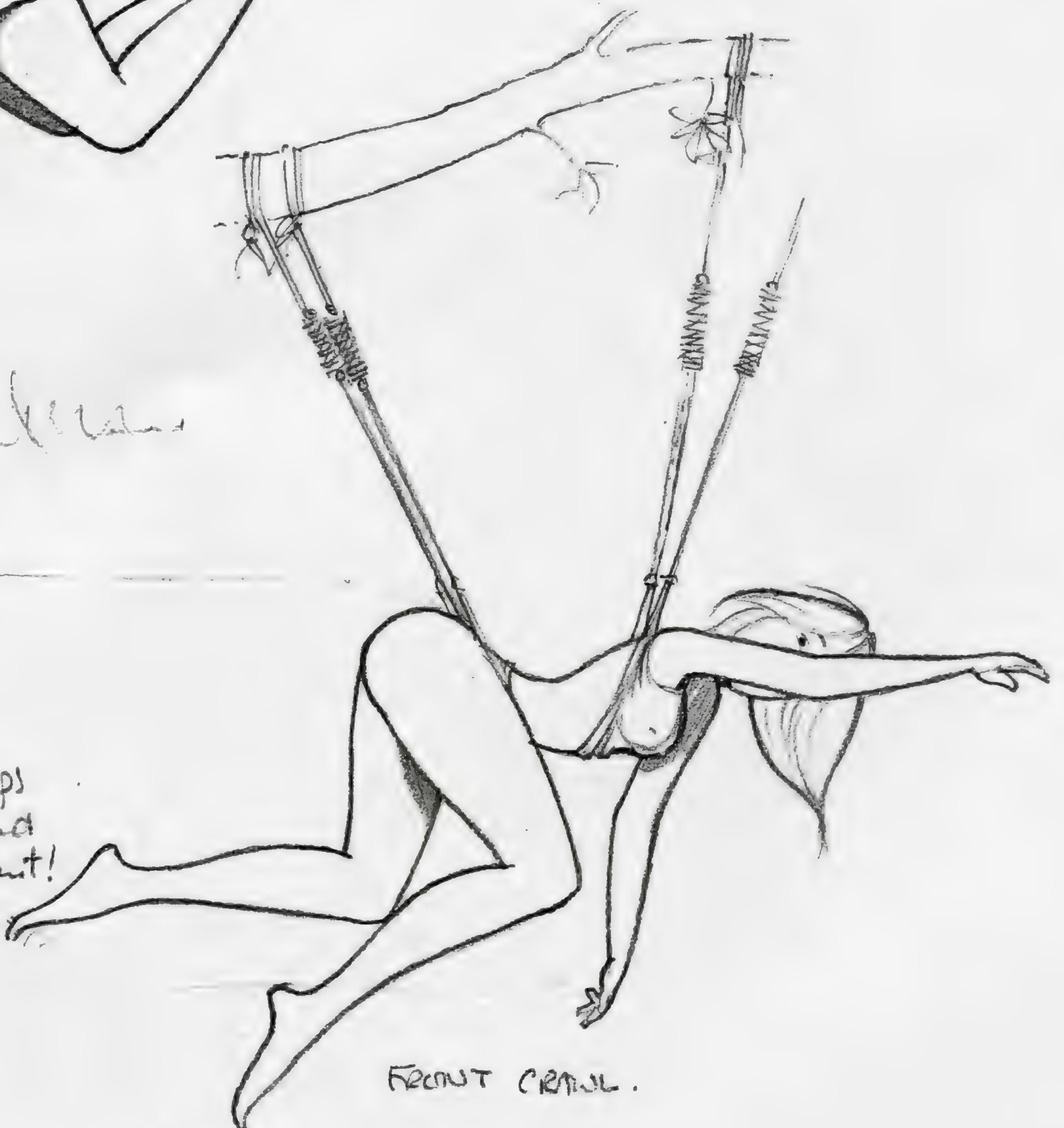
BACKSTROKE.



WORKING DRAWINGS



Height of Hips
above ground
very important!





JUST THE TICKET



No wonder BR always seems to be running at a loss, thought Linda Marshall. There must be thousands like me – all fare dodging. She'd been doing it for months, because it was so simple when you got off at the station, like hers, where there was no ticket collector. All you needed to do was buy one return ticket a week and go on using it.

Oh yes, so simple. A sweet smile at the collector on the gate at the terminal and he would only give your half-hidden ticket the merest glance. They were so thick, or inefficient, they deserved to lose money, she said to

herself. Whereas she was saving herself over £25 a week. There's private enterprise for you! Linda smiled. Even Mrs Thatcher might approve.

Linda glanced at her watch. The train was late leaving. And how empty the carriage was. Then she remembered she had made some excuse and left the office early – so as to have plenty of time to get ready to go out with Bob. It was only mid-afternoon. That would account for it. Then she heard the guard's whistle blowing and, with a jerk, they were in motion. Typical of BR, she thought.

Still blowing whistles as if it were still the 19th century. Waving green flags, too. Absurd. Linda settled down with a magazine; a 30-minute non-stop run lay ahead.

She hadn't heard him come into the carriage. In fact, Linda hadn't realised even that there was a communicating door at each end of it. In fact, was there? It didn't look like it. Perhaps he'd been in the carriage all the time. Lurking on the platform. Rather frightening that. Now he seemed to have materialised out of thin air, seating himself casually beside her. He took off his hat and

Linda saw that he was balding and middle-aged; rather unpleasant looking. She edged as close to the side of the carriage as she could. Was she going to have to put up with his presence for the next 25 minutes or more?

"There's plenty of room elsewhere in this carriage," she said sharply. Her own voice gave her a little more self-confidence. He saw the man looking around.

"So there is," he replied, mildly. "Best to travel out of the rush hour, isn't it. We encourage that?"

"We?" Linda found herself a little annoyed that she was getting into conversation with this stranger. It wasn't wise to encourage him.

"We in BR," he said. Linda felt her nerves give a little tingle.

"So you're in BR, are you? What? A driver or something? A guard?"

The bald man shook his head. "No." There was a hint of a smile. "I'm a ticket collector."

Linda's nerves tingled even more. She felt a tiny prickling of sweat under her armpits. Hell's bells, could it be true? Still, he must be off duty. He wasn't wearing any uniform. She made the point. "Why aren't you in uniform then?" she enquired.

"Not all ticket collectors wear uniform. There are special ones. Rather on the lines of a secret service, you might say."

"Secret service! That's ridiculous. You're just making it up."

"Not at all," came the easy reply. "There is a special section on the look out for persistent fare-dodgers." He paused significantly and gave her a grave gaze. "Like yourself," he added.

Linda felt herself going hot and cold all over. Damn it; they'd rumbled her. Perhaps they weren't so stupid after all. On the other hand, he could well be bluffing. "I...I don't know what you mean?" she said, almost violently.

"Oh yes you do, Miss. You've been travelling this line for months on fudged up tickets. Just show me the one you've got now."

Linda, of course, couldn't do that. She had a sudden idea. "Show...show me your authority," she demanded.

Calmly, the man put his hand inside his coat and took out a green identity card, carrying his photograph. On it was the BR insignia and some gobble-de-gook about the bearer being a 'Special Investigator', authorised to inspect travellers' tickets and make a citizen's arrest where necessary. That bit made Linda freeze inside. Under the photograph was a name - George Denham - and his signature was scrawled on the dotted line at the base of the card.

"Reckon you're a certainty for a £400 fine," said George Denham easily.

Linda almost panicked. She couldn't possibly pay that. What on earth was she going to do? George regarded her happily. It was as easy as shucking peas, he reflected. So many of these youngsters were dodging all the time. All he had said was pure guesswork, as usual. Yet 75% of the time it proved right. He could almost feel her sweating with guilt.

"Let's have a look at your ticket, my dear," said George.

"I...I've lost it..." stammered Linda.

"That's what they all say." Unhurriedly, George picked up the girl's handbag and took out a leather purse. With a cry, Linda tried to snatch it back. "Hey you can't do that!"

But George had already done it. The grubby pink ticket was in his fingers. Four days out of date. He tut-tutted. "Dearie me," he said. "It's as we suspected all along. And you've been doing it for months. We *know* that." George was getting more confident all the time. He took out a small black notebook and a ball-point pen. "I'll just take a few particulars, if you don't mind."

Linda's brain glowed hot. She felt trapped. Well, she *was* trapped. No way out of this one. And it wasn't just the fine. It would be in all the local papers. Oh the disgrace of it! Her Dad was on the Parish Council. He'd never forgive her. And she might well lose her job. In fact, she was more or less certain to lose her job since she worked in the offices of the Church Commissioners.

"C-can't you...can't you l-let me off...just this once," she said, turning pleading eyes on the man. "I'll never do it again. I swear."

"Name?" asked George. Linda gave it to him haltingly. "Address?" Linda gave him that too. "Quite a posh district that," said George. "Should have thought you could have paid your fare."

Linda could, of course. It had just been nice not to - and get away with it. Until now. Oh whatever was she going to do? She watched the note-book put away. "I'll have to report this to your ticket office," said George. "Then we can go down to the Station."

"But...we'll be at the Station," said Linda, puzzled.

"I meant the Police Station," said George flatly. Linda got that freezing sensation again.

"Oooh...do we *have* to?"

"I'm afraid so, Linda," said George. She was rather startled by this familiar form of address.

"C-couldn't we go to another one? I m-mean not my l-local one?"

George shook his head sorrowfully. "It wouldn't make any difference," he said. "It will all come out in the end." He's right thought Linda, almost desperately. There was a

long silence. "There just *might* be a way out," said George at last.

"Yes?" It was almost a shriek...and Linda clutched George's arm. "Tell me...tell me..."

"You might not like it," stated George solemnly. "Rather old-fashioned."

"Tell me...I'll d-do anything. Well...almost..."

"I said it was old-fashioned" George went on. "It's how they handled youngsters when I was a boy. For this sort of thing. Easiest way out really. No disgrace for the family."

"Tell me!" It was almost another shriek and Linda's nails were clawing.

"They gave youngsters like you a damn good spanking. Often down at the Station, too. Then the whole thing was forgotten."

Linda found herself sitting very still, wondering if she could believe her ears. A spanking? It was an absurd idea. Especially for one of her age. She was 18 now. And especially from a man. "N-no...no...I couldn't," she said.

George shrugged. "Suit yourself," he said. Then he leant back in the seat. "I see that you not only don't pay your fares but have the cheek to travel First Class as well." Linda had forgotten about that. George looked at his watch. "Only another twenty minutes to go," he said.

Shivering deep inside, Linda sat there mute and miserable. A way out had been offered her. But how could she possibly take it? But then, what alternative was there?

They thundered through Surbiton. Only fifteen minutes to go now. She kept thinking of how her mother and father would react. And of losing her job. Esher passed. Then Hersham. Linda found her fists clenched.

"Alright...I'll do it...I'll let you," she blurted out in a sudden rush.

"Sure?" enquired George, looking a shade smug.

"Y-yes...yes...I suppose so..."

"Sensible girl," said George. "No one will ever know. Just you and me." He moved along the seat a little. "Over my knees then."

"M-must I?"

George looked just a shade angry. "Look, Linda, either you do it my way or not at all. Understand?"

Linda looked at this stranger. How could she put herself across his knees? He was a horrible old man. The whole thing was disgusting. Yet she *had* to do it. It was better than the alternative. Walton-on-Thames flashed by. Only ten minutes to go. She *had* to do it. As he had said, no one else would ever know. But, oh the awful shame of it! "A-alright then..."

She stood up, turned to face the window, shut her eyes, then placed herself gingerly over the waiting knees. Her stomach was like one big





knot; she felt rather sick. Then, to her utter horror, she felt her skirt being lifted.

"No...no...ooo! Not that!" But she couldn't stop him. He was holding her down. He had already done it. Oh the horrible beast! Oh how *awful*!

George licked his lips. Didn't often see those these days, he thought, as he saw the white suspender belt supporting stockings. Much more attractive than those tights. She was kicking now and yelling. But it didn't matter. No one would hear over the sound of the rushing train. That's why trains were so good for this sort of thing. Almost casually, George pulled down the little white briefs. Oh very nice...very! The kicking and the struggling and the yelling now increased considerably. That didn't matter either. Made it all the more enjoyable. How that naked young bottom was bouncing and quivering! Quite, quite delightful.

"You thoroughly deserve this, young miss," said George, voice a trifle thick. He found his heart beating faster; felt the familiar surge of lust. There was nothing...but nothing...quite so good as smacking a young woman's bottom. But *nothing*! Especially at his age.

George began to slap the soft, jouncing flesh.

Left...right...left...right. How quickly those white buttock cheeks changed to pink.

Left...right...left...right. She was squirming frantically now, kicking even more. That only made it all the more exciting.

"Stop....it!" she was shrieking.

Needless to say, George took no heed. If anything, he began to slap harder. Oh what a delight it was to do! So utterly satisfying.

Smacking...smacking...and smacking. Now he had ceased to slap each cheek in turn and was concentrating on the centre of that squirming young bottom. Soon it had changed from pink to red and great, heaving sobs were coming from her as well as yells. George went on smacking to his heart's content. Then she went suddenly quiet, head slumping. Had she fainted? George looked up. They had just passed through Weybridge. Better pack it in now. Give her time to compose herself. He released the girl's waist.

"O.K. Linda, that's it," he said. The girl slid off his lap and sobbing again, quickly pulled up her knickers. The skirt fell down. George saw a look of such venom in those eyes it was almost like a slap in the face. "All will now be forgotten," he said.

"You...you're a filthy old man" sobbed Linda.

"No need to get stroppy," said George sharply. He didn't want her

getting hysterical.

"That...that...was a-assault...do you h-hear? I...I'll have the law on you"

"Very foolish if you did," said George, as calmly as he could. "After what you've gone through. You don't *want* to be prosecuted, do you? And you would be."

Linda bit her lips in fury. She knew this beastly old pervert was right. What would be the point of telling? Now? Simply an act of stupidity. "One day...one...day I'll get my own back" she gasped out.

With old-world courtesy, George handed the girl a large pocket handkerchief.

"Come along, Linda," he said in avuncular fashion. "Just wipe your eyes. It's all over now."

The eyes were wiped. "I h-hate you..." Linda moaned.

"I expect you do," replied George complacently. "But later on you'll thank me." She gave him another of those venomous looks. "Oh yes...you will. Think of all the disgrace I've saved you."

She threw the handkerchief back at him and pouted. "Never!" she spat out.

"Why don't you sit down," said George as they passed through Byfleet. He smiled, thinking of that delightful red bottom. My, my how he'd made it bounce and wriggle! She'd be sore for quite a while yet.

"I'd rather stand..."

"Mm...yes...understandable, I suppose." He saw her flush with rage. Or was it sheer embarrassment. No young lady of her age liked having her backside bared, that was for sure!

They began to slow down as they

approached Woking. Linda picked up her handbag. She began to powder her blotched cheeks. Her sobs were easing. "I...I...get out here..." she said. Almost as if she were asking his permission.

"I know that, of course," nodded George. He smiled again. "Make sure you get a ticket in future, young lady."

"Oooohhhh!" a foot stamped in rage.

"Wouldn't want that to happen all over again, would you?" George was more than smiling. He was grinning. Once again he'd pulled it off! The train shuddered to a halt.

"This is Woking," announced a mechanical voice. After a little struggle, Linda got the door open. She jumped down and slammed it behind her. He watched her run off unsteadily down the platform. Then George closed his eyes. He'd get out at Basingstoke then go back to the terminus. He dozed peacefully, pretty pictures of that bare, bouncing bottom flashing repeatedly in his mind's eye.

"Ticket please," said a sudden loud voice. George started up, fumbling in his pockets.

"Sorry," he said. "Seem to have mislaid it."

A sceptical looking Ticket Collector gave him a hard look. "Where you going?"

"Basingstoke," answered George.

"From?"

"Waterloo."

"That'll cost you £2 extra" said the Collector. "For travelling without a ticket."

George suppressed a smile. Only £2 extra he thought. It had indeed been well worthwhile!







SOCIAL WORK

Michael Hargreaves was a Social Worker. Albeit, it must be said exceedingly inexperienced. In fact, that summer evening, he was paying his first duty visit. Naturally, despite training, he was somewhat nervous. Theory is one thing, practice another.

In his imagination, he had expected his first visit to be in one of the less salubrious areas of Ridgton. Maybe in one of the high-rise blocks. However, he found himself in an obvious middle-class area, with rows of pre-war detached houses, each with a neat garden. This fact made him even more nervous for, though he had made his way up the ladder by sheer ability - and acquired a quite respectable accent on the way - he was himself born of working class parents. These were the kind of people they, and he, had used to look up to. Now he was in the process of investigating a complaint against one of them.

Trying to remember the correct routine, he walked up a weedless garden path and rang the bell in the centre of a green front door. It seemed an unlikely sort of place in which youngsters would be maltreated. Most likely, the cause of all this was some neighbour busy-bodging unnecessarily. Pre-judging on minimal evidence.

The door was opened by a pale-faced but pretty girl with her hair in a pony-tail. 'Yes' she enquired meekly.

'My name's Hargreaves...' he began.

'Who's that Nancy?' called a heavy male voice from the interior. It had a Northern accent.

'Don't know yet, Dad,' said the girl. She was dressed, Michael saw, neatly, in a simple blouse, ankle socks and short pleated skirt. He guessed her to be 18 or 19.

'I'm from the Local Welfare Office' continued Michael, just managing what he thought was a sympathetic smile.

'Welfare?' A bulky, middle-age figure moved up behind the girl 'You'd better come in, my lad.' At 25, Michael was not too pleased by the form of address, but swallowed his pride. He had been taught never to antagonise interviewees. He stepped into a narrow dark hallway and the girl, Nancy, closed the door behind him. 'Better come into the front room.'

Michael stepped into a room typical of the pre-war era. He'd seen pictures of them in nostalgic magazine articles. This one, apart from an ornate, upright radiogram, even had an aspidistra in one corner. The pictures were gloomy water-colours depicting a variety of Victorian happenings. 'Take a seat. Cup of tea?' enquired his temporary host.

'Well...'

'Make a pot, lass,' came a peremptory order.

'Yes dad.' He heard her scuttling down the hall. Silence fell. Michael found it difficult to know where to start. This Mr Arkwright, whom he had been ordered to investigate,





looked your typical bluff and blunt Lancastrian. Not a man you were likely to get much change out of.

'It's probably all a big mistake,' Michael managed to get out. 'But we have to investigate.'

'Do you, now? And who might 'we' be?'

'Local Welfare' replied Michael quickly. 'You have two daughters, I believe.'

'That's right, lad. Nancy, who you've seen, is 18. Gwen, who is up in her room, is 19. What of it?'

'Well...' The crunch was coming. More than likely he would get thrown out on his ear. Perhaps he wasn't made for this kind of career after all. 'There have been complaints?' From some near-neighbours. I'm afraid I can't name them at the moment.'

'Complaints?'

'Er...yes...about sounds coming from the house...'

'Sounds?' Mr Arkwright seemed fond of those single-word questions.

'Shouts...yells...that sort of thing. Also, girls seen walking about in the back garden. Crying, like.'

Nancy came in with a tray of tea. 'Pour out, Lass,' said Mr Arkwright.

'Yes Dad.' She seems as nervous as I feel, though Michael. 'Sugar...er...Mr?'

'Mr Hargreaves.' He gave the girl an encouraging smile. She seemed a rather down-trodden young thing. He watched her bend as she poured. Nice, neat figure.

'Not surprised,' said Mr Arkwright. 'About that yelling, And the crying.' Michael saw Nancy flinch and slop tea in a saucer. 'That's careless, girl!'

'S-sorry dad.' Nancy hastily up-ended the saucer and put

the tea back in its cup.

'Stands to reason,' continued Mr Arkwright. 'Stands to reason, a girl yells when she's getting tanned.'

To say the least, Michael was taken aback. Mr Arkwright sipped his tea noisily. Nancy hovered indecisively. 'Tanned?' now it was his turn to ask the single-worded question.

'Yes, tanned. Bottom smacked. You know - that sort of thing.' The cup went down to the saucer. Michael glanced at Nancy and saw her flushing. Michael was non-plussed. Here as a father who openly admitted he chastised his daughters. How did one tackle that? He had certainly been pitched in at the deep end.

'So you admit it? he said as boldly as he could.

'Admit what?'

'That...that you punish your daughters?' Mr Arkwright regarded him as if he were an imbecile.

'Of course, I admit it. Because I do. Any sensible parent disciplines girls of their age.' He picked up his cup again. 'Pity is, so few do these days.' More tea was slurped down.

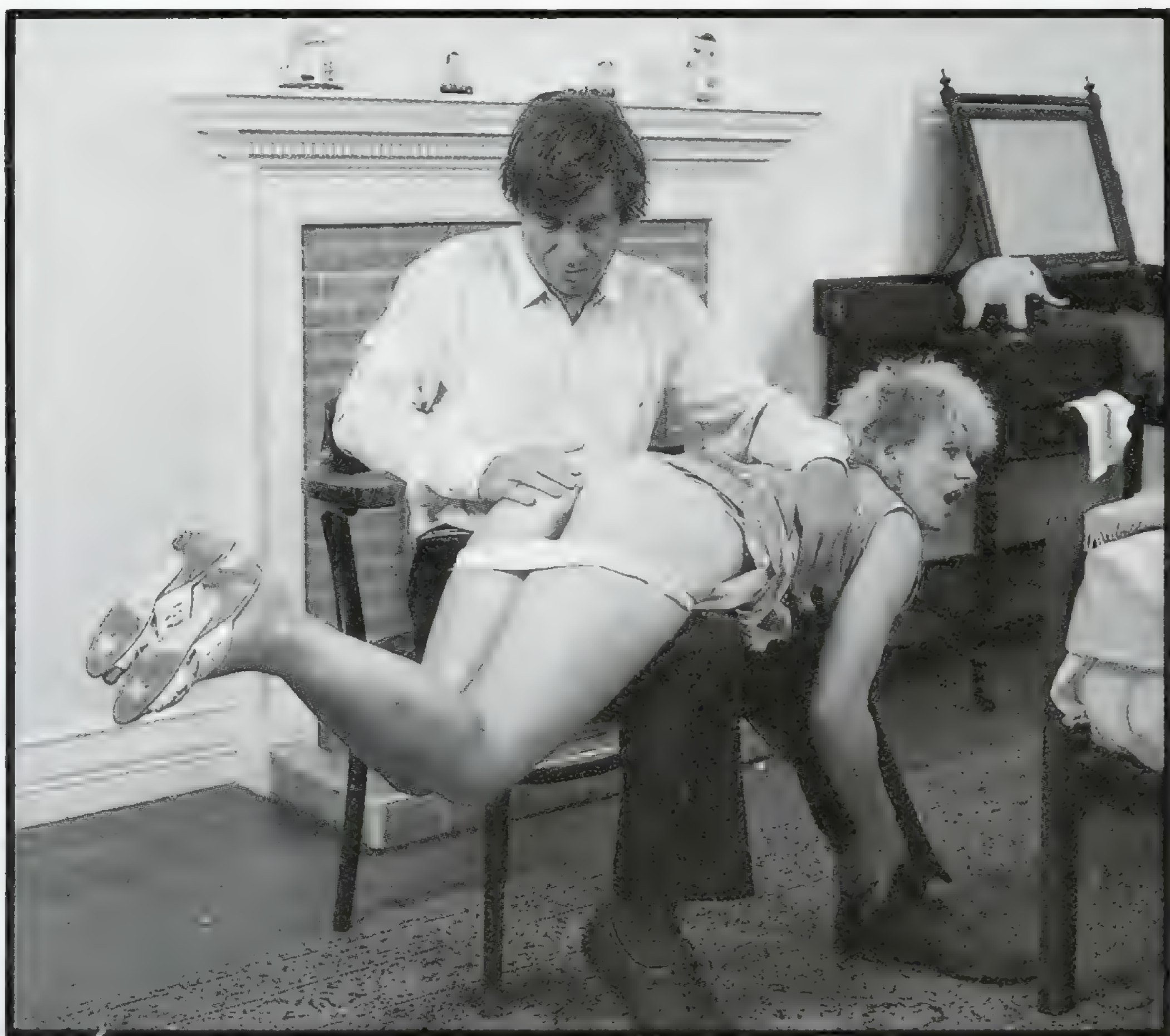
What the Hell did one say? Do? 'It...it's not the done thing, you know,' he said. After that remark, he actually did feel imbecile. 'We could prosecute.'

'Nancy,' said Mr Arkwright, 'leave the room.'

'Yes dad.' The girl was gone in a flash.

'Now listen to me, my lad. You can prosecute away until you're blue in the face. Nothing'll come of it. Both girls are under age and they're in my charge. I shall bring them up as I think fit. In the way their mother asked me to do. Long gone now,' he continued mournfully. 'A good woman. Her daughters. Not mine. Still, they look after me well enough.'





So...step-daughters, thought Michael. That scarcely improved matters. 'I shall have to report this,' he said.

'Better have some evidence, hadn't you?'

'I...we...could call witnesses.'

Mr Arkwright looked scornful. 'Hearsay,' he said. 'You want direct evidence.' Michael was puzzled. The man seemed quite unconcerned. Was he inviting prosecution? 'Tell you what, lad. You come back here Friday evening. That's when me and my girls tidy up the week like.'

'Tidy up?'

'That,' said Mr Arkwright, 'is when, sometimes, they hear 'em yelling.' Portly, utterly self-confident, he stood up. Michael felt himself patently being dismissed. 'Six o'clock then?'

'Well...alright...' Michael made for the front door, already troubled. Was he doing the right thing in accepting such an extraordinary invitation? It must, after all, be quite against the rules. Still, he comforted himself with the fact that he would certainly gain positive proof of this Mr Arkwright's misdemeanours. Damn it all, you couldn't tan teenage girls in this day and age - and get away with it. As he had said before (how idiotic it had sounded!) 'It's not the done thing.' From Mr Arkwright's expression of derision, he obviously regarded him as some ex-public school rat, still wet behind the ears.

As Friday slowly approached, Michael had more or less cleared his conscience as regards to how he was acting as a Social Worker. However, there was now another element creeping into the situation which was beginning to disturb him more and more.

That element was excitement!

Up the garden path he went for a second time, Michael felt nervous again, but for a quite different reason. It seemed almost unbelievable that he was about to witness two girls being punished. It was something he had never envisaged during his training.

This time another girl opened the front door when he rang the bell. This must be Gwen. She looked a little older and her figure fuller. She wore a pretty blue summer dress. Like Nancy, she was pale and her features drawn.

'Mr Hargreaves? Obviously she had been told to expect him and he wondered how she must be feeling. It must be terrible for a girl of her age to know she was going to be punished in front of a perfect stranger! He nodded. 'Come in please.' Once more he was in that gloomy, narrow hall.

'Upstairs, Lad...back room,' called Mr Arkwright, from above. He sounded almost jovial. 'You, Gwen, go to your room. We'll be along later.' Gwen mounted the stairs ahead of him and Michael could not help noticing the adult swing of her hindquarters under the short, pleated skirt. And it was useless for him to deny to himself sternly, you shouldn't be looking forward to this. But he was, he was!

A door was opened and he went through into a small bedroom. Obviously Nancy's. She was standing by her bed, biting her lips, eyes downcast, 'When Nancy's naughty,' stated Mr Arkwright, without more ado. 'she gets spanked. That's because she's 18. When she gets to 19, she'll be belted, like her sister Gwen is.' His matter of factness was quite breath-taking. Perhaps he had been doing this sort of thing for so long, he thought nothing of it. Michael watched the man sit on the edge of the bed. Should he interfere? Try to stop it? Mr Arkwright was a big man; it might be unwise. In any event, he had to witness it, in the course of duty, didn't he? Yes, of course he did! 'Nancy's not been too bad this week,' announced her step father. 'Just a few domestic slip-ups and one detention from a teacher. So I'll only be giving her a dozen.' Michael saw something like relief on the girl's face. Amazing! How many was it possible for her to get? 'Oh, by the way, Mr Whatever-your-name is...'

'Hargreaves, dad,' intervened Nancy, in an attempt to alleviate what she considered a piece of rudeness.

'Mr Hargreaves, then. Don't imagine you're the first to witness my girls getting the discipline they need. I've had a



Church warden here, three members of the P.C.C. - and I'm seriously thinking of inviting the vicar, who is a Preacher of the old school. Believes in Damnation and hell-fire, fortunately. Apart from that, there have been several Members of the Parish Council' Michael noted a brief but triumphant ring. 'So my lad, if you're thinking of doing any prosecuting, there'll be some big guns wheeled up against you. It's my guess, there's a majority in this town - and certainly in this Parish - which thinks discipline for youngsters is far too lax.'

Michael was well aware of that viewpoint and, hitherto, had striven to shut his mind. Perhaps, after all, he was in the wrong job. Did he want to encourage an increasingly namby-pamby world? He was fast beginning to think not, under the influence of this forthright Northerner. There was not an iota of doubt in that mind, for sure! He remained silent; the tension made his tummy suddenly rumble.

'Nancy - across my knees.' Michael watched the girl moved immediately, pulling up her skirt as she positioned herself. He was standing so that her hindquarters were more or less square on to him. His nerves tingled as he saw the bare, girlish thighs, below pale pink cotton knickers. Then, to his utter astonishment (and, he knew, his delight!) Mr Arkwright pulled those knickers down. Michael found himself gazing upon a soft, rounded young bottom, as milky white as those thighs. 'Naturally, I always spank on the bare,' said Mr Arkwright in his forthright manner. An arm encircled Nancy's waist, holding her down with what seemed unnecessary tightness. 'Try and keep those hands on the floor, Lass,' he said almost kindly.

'Yes,,,dad...' How complaisant the girl was, thought Michael. It had to be seen to be believed. Doubtless because she had been where she was now, countless times.

Mr Arkwright's broad palm smacked down resoundingly over the centre of Nancy's bottom. It sounded, almost, as if he were hitting her with a piece of wood. Maybe it felt like it! The bottom bounced violently a couple of times and a red patch appeared. Nancy did no more than gasp as her head tossed up; her fingers clawed into the carpet.

Remorselessly, without saying a word, eyes intent, Mr Arkwright continued to smack that soft-girlish flesh. It seemed to Michael that the man used an unnecessary amount of force, yet the girl withstood the onslaught remarkably well. Admittedly, as the red patches spread all over her white flesh, that bottom bounced more violently. And twisted from side to side. The gasps, too, became more intense. Some of them almost cries. Not, reasoned Michael, that unless anyone outside was very close, they could have heard. So, it followed, some punishments must be considerably more severe than this.

'Twelve!' announced Mr Arkwright with genuine satisfaction as the last resounding smack descended. His step-daughter lay there, the reddened flesh of her bottom still quivering a little. She was breathing rather fast and uttered a few sighs. Perhaps they were sighs of relief, thought Michael, for, at least, another Friday evening was over and done with.

'You can pull your knickers up now, Lass,' said Mr Arkwright benevolently. Nancy was not slow to obey and that reddened area, in the main, was swiftly covered. As she stood, the gym skirt dropped down. There was not even a hint of a tear in her eyes. Incredible! Time must have hardened her, young as she was. Mr Arkwright chuckled his step daughter under the chin. 'Going to try a little harder next week?'

'Yes...oh yes...Dad...' There was not a trace of resentment in that young voice.

'No complaints?'

'No dad.' Mr Arkwright gave his young guest another of those little triumphant looks - as much as to say, I told you so.

'Let's go to Gwen's room,' he said. Michael tried not to look too eager to follow his host. He closed the bedroom

door on a still silent Nancy.

Gwen's room was just a little larger than that of her younger sister. She, too, stood by the bed, looking understandably apprehensive. An upright wooden chair had been set in front of a fireplace; on the bed lay an ordinary leather trouser-belt, about an inch wide. Michael saw eyes flicker nervously towards him. Embarrassed eyes. Well, this youngster, was almost a year older; a grown woman one might have said.

The door closed. 'Caught her smoking, little sneak!' said Mr Arkwright immediately. 'A disgusting habit, don't you think...er...Mr Hargreaves? Should be checked at an early age?'

Michael, who was almost an anti-smoking fanatic, found himself agreeing with some fervour. 'Yes...yes...I agree it should be checked...young...' He saw Gwen look at him with something like hopelessness. Was she aware that he was a Social Worker? Supposedly there to help her?

'Take your knickers off, my girl, and kneel on that chair. You're getting twenty four!'

Gwen blanched. 'Ooh...no...dad!'

'Oh yes...and if you're caught again, it will be thirty six! Come on get those knickers off.' Down they came, just the same sort as Nancy's. Then Gwen knelt on the chair, bending forward a little. She knew exactly what she must do. Her hands tightly gripped the chair back as her step-father pulled up her skirt and tucked it into her waist-band. Going to the bed, he picked up the belt; then doubled it. Michael almost protested; that would be exceedingly painful. Then he thought better of it. Gwen's bottom, he saw, was more fulsome than Nancy's, more womanly. It was twisting slightly in apprehension. Were there not a few traces there of a previous 'tanning'?

The belt thwacked loudly down and, again, Michael was surprised by the amount of force Mr Arkwright used. Surprised, too, that Gwen only gasped, rather as her sister had done, even if her bottom did squirm uncontrollably. A long, red stripe encircled the joggling flesh.

Fascinated...incredibly excited...Michael looked on as that bottom continued to squirm uncontrollably, as stroke followed stroke. They fell at intervals of three or four seconds and the lush flesh was almost constantly in quivering-motion. Steadily, Gwen's gasps grew louder and more desperate. After about the twelfth stroke, they were no longer gasps but outright yelps. The kind a neighbour could hear, thought Michael, but now no longer caring. He had changed roles. He was no longer the protector; he was on the side of the punisher. This girl smoked! She deserved the belt...and, my word, wasn't she getting it! The sound of leather on flesh was loud in that room; the writhing of that bottom became quite frantic. But what amazed Michael most of all was that, throughout, Gwen managed to maintain her grip on the chair-back.

He was not to know that it was Mr Arkwright's practice to give two extra every time she let go!

As the end approached, Gwen's yelps became more like howls, as her head was thrown right back and her mouth gaped. Her acute suffering was very evident and, unlike Nancy, she could no longer check the flood of tears which coursed down her cheeks.

Mr Arkwright was flushed and panting by the time he had finished but, again, there was that look of genuine satisfaction on his face. It betokened that he had thought he had a job to do and now he had done it well. Gwen, still kneeling, still bending, sobbed and sobbed. Stripes, deep red, crossed and criss-crossed her buttocks. The flesh kept on twitching with pain. That rear, thought Michael, is what many would have called a nasty sight. He, however, was no longer capable of using such an adjective!

'Don't forget, my girl...caught again...and I'll give you thirty six! Am I making myself clear?' Mr Arkwright tossed the strap on the bed.

'Yes...mmfff...mmff...y-yes...mmmmffff... dad...mmmff

...mmmfff....'

'I consider smoking completely anti-social,' Michael found himself saying, still looking at that quivering bottom.

'You mean, lad,' enquired Mr Arkwright, a sort of twinkle coming into his eye, 'That you think she deserved it?'

'Yes,' answered the Social Worker emphatically!

The hopeless sobs from Gwen seemed to grow louder. 'You can stay there for half an hour and think things over,' said her step-father. 'Keep your knicks down.'

More deep sobs. Michael realised he felt a surprising lack of sympathy. Against all his training, of course. Yet, for the first time in his life, it was occurring to him that a good hiding, given at the right time, could do a youngster a power of good. Gwen, here, for example, could well be saved from lung cancer. What was a temporarily sore bottom compared with that? Government Health warnings - and parental advice - were largely a waste of time. He now reckoned, however, a damn good belting wasn't!

He was beginning to feel far more kindly towards the man who had made him see the light. Of course, he'd have to resign from his post. But what did that matter? There were plenty of other jobs for men with his qualifications. Perhaps I shall become a school-master, he thought. He smiled inwardly. And it would be nice if he could get a post

in a girls' school.

'Cup of tea?' enquired Mr Arkwright, heading for the door. 'Or, maybe, something stronger.'

'Something stronger, I think,' answered Michael, taking a last, long, lingering look at that well striped, curvaceous young bottom.

They were back in the front room. But now on far more friendly and understanding terms. 'You chaps do a lot of good work,' admitted Mr Arkwright. 'With young kids and the like. But teenagers, that's different.'

'Frankly, I'm beginning to agree with you? Sir.'

'Don't 'Sir' me, lad. Just call me Joe.' Mr Arkwright smiled broadly. 'What about this prosecution then?'

'Dropped,' said Michael firmly. 'No harm been done. Only good.'

'Thought you'd see it that way.' Mr Arkwright began to light a pipe. 'By the way, when a girl reaches 20, there's no more strap.' Michael felt a sudden sense of disappointment. 'She gets the cane instead!' added his host. Michael felt that tremendous surge of excitement yet again.

'When's her next birthday?' he enquired.

'Ten days time.' Puff...puff...puff...on the pipe. 'Be along the following Friday, Lad?'

'You bet your life Joe!' answered Michael enthusiastically.



Feedback...

GRIMM FAIRYTALE?

Dear Editor,

I will not dwell long over an introduction but instead come straight to the point - the chastisements in my family.

I keep continuous records of my wives and our four girls conduct in the form of a list of 'points of demerits' and the moment they all have reached again a certain margin I fix another 'Chastisement Date' for a so called "Family Chastisement".

Now, something like that is not done in a whiff but needs its time and therefore I fix it usually to late Friday afternoon or if there is something against on either the Saturday or Sunday afternoon.

It starts all and every time with all five of them undressing completely in our sitting room and standing at attention in a row, hands on their heads and their feet well apart. My wife Ursula who's 39 in the middle, Iris and Isabel (both 19) to the left and Sybille and Mona (18 and 20 respectively) to her right.

At my sign my wife Ursula begins to recite "The Tractat", a lengthy written lecture on the merits and advantages of corporal chastisement with quite a few details and elaborative descriptions, which I have put down myself. And each time I give another sign and indicate one other of them, the one will take over with the recitation where her predecessor was interrupted. Thus they get all give their share of "The Tractat" and any failure in taking over or reciting is registered and will be accounted for later.

"The Tractat" is followed by a "Warming-Up" which is nothing other than a thorough whipping of their bare bottoms and the backs of their upper thighs with a martinet-like sort of whip I have; we call it "Riemenpeitsche".

First I whip my wife after she did step forward to a stool already prepared for this event and had draped herself over it, with arms folded at her back and her legs again wide apart. I apply my whip vigorously from both sides and from behind her onto her bare bottom and her bare upper thighs with our daughters watching those proceedings anxiously.

When after quite some time my wives bottom and thighs and everything between is glowing in an almost bright red and is covered all over by the small and narrow whip marks, Ursulas "Warm-up" is finished. I must say that I do not deliberately use the whip on her private parts which are quite nicely accessible in her position laying over that stool, a thing which does not add to the comfort of my wife, but I do apply the whip generously to the deep cleft between her 39 inch buttocks where it is painful enough - and the one or other time the leather thongs of my whip reach-out even further and draw particularly sharp shrieks from the owner of those female secrets.

Besides that Ursula will always scream heartily and towards the end of her "Warm-up" almost continuously. But only when she has calmed down a bit after it, the "Warm-up" of the girls begins.

One by one, beginning with Sybille the youngest they take over the place of their mother and receive the same treatment. - Only, they receive it from their mother! I stand close and watch that all is done properly.

When Ursula has finished with one of her daughters I have a detailed look at her 'handiwork' and decide if it is done to my satisfaction. If I'm content Ursula will turn to her next daughter and continue her task, with her own bare bottom and thighs still burning like fire and more than only occasional tears rolling down her wet-glistening cheeks.

If she did not work to my complete satisfaction, my wife will take again the place of her daughter and receive a few more strokes with the whip from her master - to remind her to be thorough. Then, still crying copiously and howling

away with her pains, she will take over again and complete her work on the girl who has taken her place in turn again until I am satisfied. Of course, my daughters do cry too. They will cry a lot, in fact and they will scream, scream as the whip in their mothers hand keeps whacking down onto their bare, plump teenage buttocks and thighs, also occasionally topped by a particular piercing shriek when one or more of the whips thin thongs has strayed into 'private property' as one might call it.

With all four of our daughters being whipped in that way by their whipped mother and by that time presenting the same inflamed rear ends, completely covered with the tiny little welts, typical for that sort of whip, with all four of them in a row again with their mother in the middle, "The Real Chastisement" begins, but not before another recital of "The Tractat" beforehand.

This time it is even more difficult to take over and continue correctly because their memory is somewhat distracted from that task and still busy with an abundance of incoming signals of pain all with the same home address saying: 'Buttocks' and 'Rear Upper Thighs' which have to be converted into the proper commands for the necessary crying, howling, sobbing, moaning and twisting of faces and mouths and lips.

Therefore the slips in reciting are a trifle more frequent, but they too will be accounted for in due time.

To avoid any misunderstanding, the "Warming-up" is meant only as a warming-up and in my standards is only a warm-up. And therefore, what follows now is but "The Real Chastisement". It will start always with the "Basic Caning": nine strokes with a cane onto the buttocks and six on the upper thighs. You will observe that I did write "a" cane and not "the" cane; that is because I have quite a collection of them, all with about the same diameter but each with a different length, the difference being exactly two centimeters. And Ursula and our four girls get always that one of the canes which comes in length closest to their 'bottom-measure' - which is taken, by the way new at each "Chastisement Date", but not at the beginning. It is taken after their "Warm-up" when their bottoms are glowing and look at least swollen and bigger. The reason for this choice of canes should be apparent; I simply believe that 'the bigger a bottom the longer the cane' has to be, and to make things not too complicated I make the length of the necessary cane equal to the measure of the bottom in question - or as close as possible, choosing, of course always the next longer cane if the exact length is not available.

And it is not Ursula, my wife who will receive the biggest, longest cane - right now it is Mona, our 20 year old. She is growing into quite a big girl at the moment and if she proceeds in that way she will advance to an even longer cane by her birthday next month and then have reached the point where I have to think about the purchase of new canes to satisfy the demands of my family. I should insert here that Mona is not getting fat, by no means, her curves are just swelling up, along the lines she obviously inherited from her mother. At the moment she gets the longest but one cane which is the 104cm cane. Ursula always hovers around the 100cm margin, sometimes less and sometimes more; the last time it was the 100cm cane for her bottom. At the same time Iris, one of our twins received the 92cm cane and her twin sister Isabel the 88cm cane, while our youngest had the 84cm one. As it is, the canes with the shorter lengths get out of work with the years since all my 'girls' tend to jump the 90cm margin sooner or later.

For the "Basic Caning" the procedure is the same as for the "Warm-up". The same position over the stool, but now with their legs closed and not spread as for the "Riemenpeitsche".

With enough time between successive strokes with the cane to allow for crying and yelling – for yell they do, clear, loud and long their expressions of pain fill the sitting room, with enough time between the cane is applied first to Ursula again, right onto her still red-glowing whipped buttocks and upper thighs, raising fifteen fat tramlines, nine standing out long and ridged on both buttocks and six on each of her upper thighs.

Calmed down a bit, but still with her sight somewhat blurred by tears welling freely from the depth of her eyes and with a continuous up and down of pain-soaked howls of “Oooh’s” and “Aaah’s” she takes over my place and the appropriate cane to Sybille, first.

And she has to make rather a great effort and pull herself together as to meet with the requirements of her task and my standards of a proper caning, simply enough expressed in the layout of the weals and the appearance of each of them. Both of which will be inspected after the last stroke most scrutinizingly by me and if they do not both come up with my standards it is ‘over the stool’ for my wife for two with her cane and then up again to make place for the next girl. The screams and yells of the girls do not differ much from those of their mother. Of course each of them has her own particular intonation, but under the severe strain of the cane ‘working on their buttocks and thighs’ the personal touch of their voices tends to become marred and approaches a sort of common or universal expression of highly overloaded vocal chords, strained to the worst in their effort to obey their owners desperate longing to get rid of some of that excruciating pain which has taken possession of all her thinking and doing.

At the end of the “Basic Caning” which is for all the points below the critical margin it is time for the “Individual Canings”. They account for the individual number of points in excess of that margin and for the individual number of slips at reciting “The Tractat” and to give them another opportunity to show how well they all know it by heart they are allowed a last, third recital, shifting their scores often enough a third time – and in a direction they will not like at all. If someone of them did behave particularly bad under the whip or the cane I may add another few points to her total, but then she must have left the stool or too often closed her legs during whipping or something serious like that. I don’t ask for too much obedience under whip and cane, that would be against my understanding of a proper chastisement where the culprit must have some freedom to express her pains accordingly.

The “Individual Canings” follow the same lines as the “Basic Caning” and the cane is also allotted to bottom and thighs at a rate of 3 to 2. The one of my five ‘girls’ who reached the margin last and therein triggered my appointment of the next “Chastisement Date”, that one should get, of course the smallest number of ‘individuals’ when she is over the stool again, but only if she not makes up for her advantage by too many slips in reciting or a too bad conduct during whipping and caning, but it almost never occurs that she gets away with just her basic caning which means that she had no slip in all three recitals and did behave well enough under whip and cane.

Much more probable is that she collects the one or other point as do her fellow sufferers during reciting and chastisement.

Depending on the individual number of total points of demerit before the chastisement and the additional number of points collected during the whole procedure up to this stage, it can be quite a few points which are still on the chart and have to be accounted for. It may well go up to ten or twelve points left and may even reach fifteen again or exceed it. With a high initial record which may already exceed the margin by a good many points and a lot of slips – which often sum up in that case because the culprits mind is already spinning with that number and full of fear to collect more, with only the inevitable result that she actually does – with this

already in her possession she only needs to forget about ‘conduct’ too, and there we are with a formidable “Individual Caning” waiting for our unfortunate dame. In that case even fifteen strokes would not balance her record and her cane would have to continue to draw its weals on her buttocks and thighs until it would erase the last point left on her record.

But, as I said already for the other extreme situation, that does not happen too often, although it does happen definitely more often than the former.

The state of their buttocks and their upper thighs will be not too comfortable after the “Individual Canings” are finished, the first one again given by me for my wife Ursula and the next four by her for our daughters. Most clearly and plain this is demonstrated when Ursula takes the cane after her ‘Individuals’ and proceeds to take it to the first of the girls, which is now the one with the smallest number of points left; the one with the highest number left has to wait until her sisters have been all three attended to. Then, standing next to the chastisement stool her bare buttocks and upper thighs show in the most spectacular way the almost parallel pattern of all those cane weals and in that same upright position the marks of all those tramline-weals stand out even more conspicuous on the background of her whipped buttock cheeks and thighs than before when she still occupied the stool herself.

With her face red from crying, screaming and yelling and two broad bands extending over both her cheeks where all her tears rolled down, with her eyes red and swollen from all those tears and giving way to wails of pain and with that whipped and doubly caned, blazing backside of hers, my wife Ursula yet picks up the proper cane for the first one of her daughters to follow her in the procedure of the ‘Individuals’. Difficult enough it is to use the cane properly on that girls buttocks and thighs, because it is not easy to keep the cane from crossing earlier weals, a thing I don’t like although one can’t help it sometimes and I am not too particular about it if it is kept below certain limits. With all that furious pain clouding her brain and all those tears blurring her sight Ursula is somewhat handicapped and has to concentrate even more intensive if she does not want to make failures, unnecessary ones and in consequence go over the stool again and have more of her cane.

Therefore she needs time, aiming long and carefully and more than once interrupting herself for a good cry or a nice relieving howl before she takes up her work again. And I don’t hurry her, she may set her own pace herself – important is only that she completes her work and that it is done properly throughout. And there is a lot of work for her, having one of her daughters after the other over the stool and after picking out the right cane giving her the right number of ‘Individuals’ and therein transforming each one of them into a younger image of herself what regards the state of their respective backward appearance and the amount of tears shed and yells and howls released.

Only when she had that one of her girls over the stool who had amassed the highest number of points previous to and during the chastisement and only when she has counted every one of those individual points onto her daughters buttocks and thighs, stroke after stroke, slowly and cautiously and only when after a scrutinizing inspection I can find no fault with her work, only then she will join her daughters and stand with them, hands on head and legs wide apart again for half an hour, a time which I use to quiet my own agitation with a good cigar and a nice measure of exquisite brandy; for it is a quite disconcerting excitement for myself too, a turmoil of antagonizing emotions and thoughts and a storm of overwhelmingly strong sensations. Pity and sympathy, arguing to take off a bit and the tears and howls and yells and the sight of their buttocks, that tends to get mixed up with grim satisfaction and cool reasoning ‘that they only get what they have asked for again,’ the pretty picture of thoroughly whipped backsides, the melody of their rising and falling vocal complaints and all those self-pitying tears. The

latter emotions and reasoning, of course prevailing, otherwise the chastisements would never reach their necessary and proper end.

If, by bad luck Ursula does make serious failures with her last customer she ends up once more over the stool waiting for me to pick out her cane and give her the necessary strokes for 'bad work' over those buttocks or thighs, drawing for the last time on this particular occasion shrill screams and piercing yells from her upper end (actually hanging downwards) and more marks across her lower end (actually topping her). But that, then - after a small period to calm down a bit is the end of the actual chastisement also for my wife and she can join her daughters as told already before.

One word still to 'conduct during chastisement' which I ask for but not too heavily. It will be clear that Ursula and the girls don't stay over that stool without moving at all. No, they do move quite a lot, thrashing about with their arms and legs, clinging to the legs of the thing, drawing up their legs that they almost meet their ears opening up so totally and completely that literally nothing is kept secret, but I let them - as far as they don't overdo it, i.e. fall off the stool or stand up or something like that, and that after a proper time they are back again in the necessary position to commence with their chastisement.

Also, as might be apparent by now I do not try to subdue their screams and yells somehow - actually I don't encourage them, but as they are screamed or yelled they are concomitant accessories which to suppress would be a betrayal of my chastisement principles. To make them suppress all their painful reactions as one can sometimes hear of is something I personally hate to think of at all.

At the end of my letter let me write down a short account of the last "Chastisement Date" which happened to take place on Friday, March 14.

I will give you the number of strokes as they were to be expected at the start of the whole procedure, then the additional ones after the first recital and after the second one, then the strokes added during the "Basic Caning" (for my wife only), strokes added after the third recital and during the "Individual Caning" (the latter again for Ursula only). In addition I'll give once more their age and their cane-length:

Ursula (39/100 cm):	19 + 0 + 1 + 2 + 2 + 3 = 27
Mona (20/104 cm):	23 + 2 + 2 + 0 + 3 + 0 = 30
Iris (19/92 cm):	19 + 0 + 1 + 0 + 1 + 0 = 21
Isabel (19/88 cm):	15 + 1 + 1 + 0 + 1 + 0 = 18
Sybille (18/84 cm):	17 + 0 + 1 + 0 + 0 + 0 = 18

Which is a total of all together 114 strokes for all five of them. That seems to be rather a lot, but then it should, because I believe that only a thorough chastisement is a good chastisement and after all, they don't get these chastisements every week. All together it were eight last year and ten the year before; this year there have been two until now, the last one documented above. It seems that my wife Ursula and our daughter Mona got the best part of it, which is right; for Mona it has just happened so, but with Ursula it is a bit different. She is always a little bit high because with all the whipping and caning she has to do, there are quite a few possibilities for her to collect additional strokes for 'bad work' with whip or cane. From the record above one can see that she earned herself five strokes with the cane on that occasion for not doing her work correct (column 4 and 6), whereas the girls did all five behave well under whip and cane, even Mona with her large number.

That is all I wanted to tell you and as I realise now, my letter has become considerably longer than first intended, but I hope that it is not a dull one.

Let me give you all my compliments on your excellent work and I wish you good luck for the next years.

Winfried R. Berlin-Lübars

FROM THE WEST COAST

Dear Editor,

While I have fortunately secured quite a few of your issues - including some of your VCR tapes, like the specially enticing Half-Term saga - like the outputs of most similar British concerns they are but sporadically available hereabouts, and not necessarily in sequence. At any rate, having just come upon your however differently flavoured BLUSHES Collectors Edition 10, I accede herewith to its evidently sincere RSVP.

To be sure, BLUSHES is the best of its kind. Although, Leroy Dominique's current publications from Paris, do offer among their wide range of erotica some truly superb tomes, a few of which are focused exceptionally also on flagellatory themes. Of the many U.S. publications catering to all sorts of special interests, several of them purportedly close to that of your audience, they largely miss the mark. Hand in hand with a general indelicate style, most of their hardly realistic scenarios are laden with heavy chains and other cumbersome bondage equipment that can appeal only to sheer dreamers of dungeons and other medieval crudities.

Of course, current moves and related legal constraints have here, as in most countries, confined "our" kind of practices to private homes. However, a few quasi "underground" clubs offer some broader exercises, as does one such in California, aptly called the Zeus Society. In spite of the widely touted advent of "liberalisation" even more private practices among consenting adults are generally confined to rather "conventional" intimacies. Thus, many a male misguidedly seeks solace from the numerous commercial establishments that promise instant realisation of all sorts of day-dreams.

Those of us less naive and more fortunate, will seek and unearth more genuine relationships in order to share inclinations, including especially some that your readers are so fondly writing about.

Somewhat in contrast with

J.M. of London - who invites speculation on how to determine a gal's "S.Q." or "W.Q."...I find his however understandable preferences to be pre-conceived and overly focused upon physical characteristics. As to myself, while I am more readily drawn to a well rounded gal, it is her disposition and sensuous potential that is of true essence. Upon such a basis, the art to hit early upon and consistently foster the very "pattern" most appropriate to a budding relationship, given to it intrinsically, right from the outset, is the key.

To elucidate on what I mean by a "pattern," the following touches upon one evolved with my current favourite girl. I found her as an attractive woman, youthfully life-loving, but at first neither in her previous marriage nor otherwise in any way prepared for what I had in store for us. Intuitively, from our second date onward, I went after the Little-Girl in her psyche. In public and within other socialising situations, I treat her as I still ever do as the true lady she is, frequently praising both her beauty and encourage the pride she takes in advancing her career.

On the other hand, private moments within intimate surroundings are treated as a world apart, ever guarding the highly special mood of our relationship's innermost pattern. In the latter atmosphere, she was early told that she was a little-girl, who is to be completely beholden to her "daddy," who soon had to demonstrate that she had to be a "Good-girl" as well, if so instructed.

A little later in her training, though taken by surprise, she readily harkened to my exacting (say) "No, your excuse to leave for freshening up will not do...for, as all obedient little girls, you must ask my permission first, before using the loo, and tell of your specific need, without euphemisms befitting only your elders..."

The right "upbringing", as my gal learned soon enough, is only then suitably advanced, when she spontaneously associates all intimate joys with discipline...be it before, during, or after her arousal. Though unspoken by

me, she earned a temporarily passing first-grade, when it became rather clear that she simply needed the whip and kissed it on her own...though a few scant months before she had never even dreamt about spankings, much less having associated it with passionate penchants...

Not insensitive to some of your writings that imply delights in taking charge of a naughty girl rather impersonally – say when her mama sends her to a tutorial stranger for a disciplinary session. I yet find it more satisfying to behold a naughty girl's tears with warm affection, possible only when you also truly love the culprit, passionately! Of course, a sensible man's affections will not keep him from dishing out "what's good" for her, so that any protests notwithstanding, she earns say a couple of more stripes beyond her repeated pleas of "No more, please...I will be truly good...please, I will do anything, etc."

Chacun a son gout; though not without insisting that few, if any of life's delights can match the provocative delights of an upturned, already half-revealed female bottom, readily "begging" for all that is rightfully coming to it.

E.L., Los Angeles

EXAMINATIONS

Blushes,

Your magazines are getting better and better, and a back number which I bought recently Supplement 13 has inspired me to write with a photo request.

The pics of the girl being spanked whilst she lay on her back on pages 7 and 9 were superb.

My suggestion is that a girl boarding at college is undergoing her yearly medical at the hands of the college doctor. Since she is over 18 she has to have an internal examination. During this the doctor discovers that she is no longer a virgin and that since relationships with boys are strictly against the rules the headmaster is called. She is then offered the choice of suspension or an immediate six of the best caning. She decides to take the cane and is made to bend over

the doctors couch whilst the head goes to get his cane.

The pics should start with the girl being fully dressed as she enters the doctors office – before showing her undressing for the doctor prior to examination – to her undergoing the humiliating and embarrassing internal examination (a new experience) to her interview with the headmaster whilst still undressed, to her bending over and receiving six strokes of the cane.

I think this would be an excellent photo-story involving real embarrassment and humiliation together with the experience of being caned for the first time.

B.P., Tunbridge Wells

CURIOUSER – CURIOUSER

Dear Editor,

Whilst I buy your *Blushes* magazine and your other publications, I buy them not so much for the sight of pretty girls being beaten across their bare bottoms, but for the sight of their bare BACKS. To me, a girl's back is a very sexy female part, second only to the vagina and breasts. And for the sight of an occasional bare female back being thrashed with a whip or birch would, by myself, and, I believe, scores of other readers, be very much welcomed.

Please may we have a bit more actual *flogging* in your stories and photographs (even if only simulated); the idea of a young, cheeky, "Madonna-type" girl being given the cat by an older woman in a dank cellar, after having first her hands and then back smelled closely by the older woman excites me tremendously.

Nigel S.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Dear Editor,

At last confirmation of the desire to see more of your models in the 50s style knickers. Page 28 of *Uniform Girls* No. 8 showed people care. It may have been me who sent you the photo, two more enclosed. I hate to part with them. The full seated, high waisted nylon knickers of yesteryear I'm sure were worn

by many girls and most definitely they were of the wide fluted cuffed leg style.

My neighbours daughter was one of these delightful girls. Perhaps my love for these styles stems from the sight most Sunday mornings of a line full of shiny white and black nylon knickers hanging by their waistbands blowing in the breeze. Just once they hung a very full seated pair in bottle green. Perhaps her mother wore them too. Regulation panties knickers/briefs may have been the order of the day then in schools, maybe there were knicker inspections for the prettier girls by evil minded masters and with the cane still being used quite freely these obedient girls were quietly taken to one side and the offending seat of the knickers warmed with a good dozen strokes and perhaps then lowered for a traditional six-of-the-best. And with these very stimulating full seated knickers quite a few girls wore suspender belts and sheet shiny nylon stockings. Stockings with seams. Seams too would be given inspections and even suspender straps for correct tautness. Further painful sessions with a nice long meaty cane. These masters had it made. There must have been some lucky ones around.

Perhaps the girl next door was caned I never found out, but as with the knickers/panties she too did wear nylon stockings with seams and the high blocked heel. Your models may not believe the 50s knickers can still be bought. They can. Yes, it's hard to believe but my cousin Jane actually wears them. She hates the brief bikini style, she likes the smooth line when wearing them but you can still see the suspender bumps running down her thighs.

She knows I have a kink about her knickers and suspenders for she's found my library of *Spick and Span* and *Frolic* mags. She takes delight in teasing me. I always seem to be around when she's putting on her stockings. Not seamed ones I'm sorry to say. I just can't pluck up enough courage to leave one of your mags laying around for her to find.

BLUSHES No. 17 would have been ideal for her to see. Christine in the story "The

Mistress" looks a little like her. What a real beauty she is, those stripes on her bottom look very real and very painful and the cane being used, any girl seeing that especially waiting with her knickers lowered surely would feel terrified and sick to the stomach. Thick and long a cane should be.

Once again I must though say the model Charlotte depicted in BLUSHES 15 pages 52-61 are the best ever. What a fab figure, full, rounded and her bottom so cheeky. Page 61 shows her bottom glowing warmly from a spanking. The four mind wrenching strokes from Mr Whippy must have stung like hell.

A video of these two charming girls would be really something. If not perhaps another BLUSHES Collectors Issue showing them decked out in yes, the 50s nylon knickers and show them where they should be snugly encasing there full caneable bottoms. Don't forget the black nylon stockings with crooked seams meaning that's what they are being caned for.

If your models can't buy the cuffed leg knickers, maybe I can talk my cousin into letting me know where she buys hers from. Perhaps; Yes perhaps she might even let me spank or cane her. I live in hopes.

Once again a great lot of mags.

Cheers



A PETTY MATTER



Linda Marshall gasped. She could scarcely believe the evidence of her own eyes. *He* was standing there, right before her desk. That awful, awful man...the one who had said he had been a Special Ticket Inspector. Linda had often had her doubt about that since that terrible afternoon. When she allowed him to spank her on the train so as to be let off fare-dodging. Even now three months later, she would still go hot and cold thinking about it.

Now there he was again, right before her, smiling a little knowingly.

"Well, well, this *is* a surprise," he said. The thought flashed through Linda's mind that, showhow he had deliberately contrived this. Followed her to find out where she worked. So that he could blackmail her. She was filled with a mixture of fury and fear.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded in a stage whisper, even though there was no one else in the office.

"My firm's doing a special audit on the office accounts," said George Denham easily.

Up went Linda's eyebrows. "This last time I saw you, you were some sort of Ticket Collector."

"Gave that up when the firm called me back. They were getting over-worked and under-staffed. It's just a temporary thing as far as I'm concerned. I'm retired really, though I don't mind a part time job. Like that Ticket Collecting." He leaned over the desk and grinned. "In fact," he continued, "you might say, at times, I positively enjoy it."

Linda flushed scarlet. Anger blazed in her eyes; eyes that were behind rather business-like glasses. "Get out of my office!" she spat out.

"I've a perfect right to be here. Ask your Manager."

"But...but...it's after hours..."

"So what? I work any hours on this job. You find out some interesting things when people don't think you are about."

"You're not only a pervert, you're a horrible little snooper as well," blazed Linda. Anger was overcoming her shock.

"I don't advise you to talk to me like that," said George. "I'd like to look at your Petty Cash book. And the Cash Box."

Linda's bright red cheeks turned pale; she felt suddenly very cold inside. There should be £50 in the Float but she'd borrowed £30 from it the night before, without putting in any chit. Things wouldn't balance.

"They're locked away in the safe," she said rather too quickly.

"Well, open the safe, Linda." He hadn't forgotten her name.

"I haven't got a key."





George sighed. "Well, I have," he said. "Is there something the matter?"

Linda was beginning to panic. Why the Hell hadn't she put the money back? What a fool she was. "No...nothing...but can't it wait until the morning?" That would give her a chance.

"No, it can't" said George. He took out the key that Management had given him and opened the small safe. Linda's surmise that he had deliberately found out where she worked was perfectly true. Once you were on to a good thing it was worth following up. He sensed that this Linda was a 'bad seed'...and opportunities might present themselves.

He took out the Cash Box, then, sitting down, checked the contents and the Cash Book. Linda, heart hammering, continued working away at her electric typewriter. She had left the Church Commissioners and was on a new job in an Advertising Agency. She liked the work and the money was much better.

"Thirty pounds short," stated George after what, to Linda, seemed an age. "How do you account for that, Linda?"

Linda went paler, averting her eyes. "I borrowed it last night," she said. What else could she say? The truth might be best.

"That's not allowed."

"I know. I meant to put it back this morning."

"But you didn't. I'm afraid I shall have to report this, Linda. Simply part of my job. That's why they bring in people like me."

"Oh don't do that, please! I...I'm new here...they'll most likely fire me."

"I'm sure they will..."

"P-please!" Linda was experiencing the same kind of desperation she had done on that train.

"People like you," continued Gerge, "start by fiddling the Petty Cash and end up by forging cheques. Oh, I know your sort, Linda. Met plenty in my time. Fare dodging is one thing, stealing's another."

"I wasn't stealing! Just borrowing. I was going to put it back!"

"So you say. But I can well imagine a few faked Petty Cash slips might well have been substituted."

"No...that's not fair!"

"Fair or not, the matter will have to be reported." George got up and headed for the door. "I'll see if the Manager's still here." As a matter of fact, George knew he wasn't. He'd check on that. He and Linda were the only ones in the whole building. That's how he had wanted it. Then, to his great pleasure, he found Linda putting herself between him and the door.

"No...don't ...I beg you. Give me a chance! You did once before..."

"Perhaps I shouldn't have done,"





replied George. "Public disgrace and a big fine might have made you change your ways, young lady. But it seems you've gone from bad to worse."

"Please...please..." Linda was holding out her hands imploringly. "Give me another chance!"

George stopped in his tracks. He could scarcely have hoped things to turn out better. So quickly, too. He had been prepared to wait some time; till Linda made a mistake. But here it was again, on a plate!

"Are you suggesting something similar to what happened before," enquired George softly. The old adrenalin was beginning to flow. He remembered that lovely young bottom well. Had often dreamt about it since.

Linda clutched at her throat. Was she? Well...was she? Could she possibly let this beastly old man do

that to her again? Every instinct cried out against it...yet...oh yet...once again an avenue of escape was opening up.

"N-no..." she said automatically.

"Then kindly get out of my way, young lady. I have my duty to do." George sensed that he was already winning.

"No...no...please..." Oh Lord, could she go through with it again? There wasn't only the pain, there was the terrible shame.

"It made sense last time," said George.

That was true, reflected Linda. And she certainly didn't want to lose this super job. Not get a reference for another one, either. Once again, she thought of her parents. They were sure to discover the reason for getting the sack so soon. More disgrace. "Well...maybe..." said Linda tentatively.

George sat down. "Take your time," he said. Then he waited, watching the conflicting emotions run over that pretty face. Linda stood there, breasts heaving with the turmoil of her thoughts. Oh what a ghastly decision!

Then, with a kind of wrench in her brain, she suddenly came to a decision. "Alright then. If you promise to say nothing."

George sat very still. He'd won again. "Oh I'll say nothing. Kept my word last time, didn't I". That was also true. "Mind you, thieving's far worse than fare dodging."

Linda stamped her foot. "I tell you...I wasn't stealing!"

"Depends how you look at it. The Manager will reckon you were, for sure."

"Alright...alright...let's get on with





it!"

Still George remained seated. "Can't be so lenient with you this time, I'm afraid, Linda." The girl looked aghast as he stood up and went to the door.

"W-whatever do...you mean?"

"You'll see." George smiled quietly. A methodical man, he had made preparations well in advance. At the back of one of his desk drawers lay a nice whippy cane. A cane that was going to make Miss Linda's bottom squirm far more than his palm had done! "Just stay where you are; I'll be right back," he said as he closed the door behind him.

He was back in under two minutes, the cane in his hand. Linda uttered a shocked gasp. "Ooohh...noo...!" George took the precaution of locking the door behind him.

"I'm afraid so, Linda. You see, this is a far more serious matter."

"B-but...you can't use *that*!"

"Why ever not?" enquired George. "Girls like you used to be caned every day in school. More's the pity they aren't now, in my view."

Linda was looking at the cane in horror. "It...it will m-mark me," she said hoarsely.

"Not for long," George assured her. "Weals will all have disappeared in a week or so."

"It...it's barbaric!"

"It's a punishment you deserve. You're obviously falling into wicked ways, Linda. I reckon your parents would thank me, if they knew." They might at that, thought Linda wretchedly. She covered her face with her hands. Could she make herself do it? Somehow, like on that train, she had to. "Come along now. It will all be over in a few minutes," said George reassuringly.

"W-what...what do you w-want me to do?" quavered Linda. Surely he wasn't going to use that awful thing on her bare flesh?

"First of all," said George, in as matter-of-fact way as possible, "I want you to take your knickers right off. I mean, we don't want to get them ripped, do we?"

"You-re going to...going to..." Linda's voice trailed off.

"Cane you on the bare? Yes, Linda. Just as I spanked you on the bare. It's the only really efficacious way." Linda covered her face again and a great sob shook her. Was she going to go through with it, wondered George? Then he waited in nervous impatience for her finally to make up her mind. He ran his fingers along the smooth cane. Mmm...he liked the feel of that. But she wouldn't! "One more minute, Linda," he said. Matters had to be forced, one way or another.

The seconds ticked away; then the girl began to sob. As she did so, her

hands went under her skirt and down came her knickers. They were rather saucy french knickers, quite unlike those things she had worn that day on the train. "There's a good girl," said George. "I like one who's prepared to take her punishment. Now, over the desk you go." He forced the girl gently forward and she bent slowly and nervously. Carefully, George lifted her skirt.

Ahh...there was that delightful bottom again. Just as he had remembered it. The same suspender belt still supporting white stockings. Quite sexy. This young lady didn't seem to go in for tights ever. He saw the nates quivering softly with apprehension. A quite, quite enchanting sight!

"Y-you wo'won't do...do it hard...will you?" It was a plaintive whisper.

"Not too hard," reassured George. He sawed the cane lightly across the flesh and Linda flinched violently. Understandably, she was very nervous. How many should he give her? Probably no more than half a dozen, since she was so inexperienced. But he would take his time over it. There was no point at all in rushing on such an occasion as this!

"Six...only six, Linda," he said. "If you're a good girl and remain bending."

He was aware, of course, that she was most unlikely to be able to do that - so it gave him an excuse to carry on, if need be. So it proved. At the very first wristy cut he delivered, Linda leapt up, clasped her hands to her bare bottom and waltzed from side to side, gasping and gasping with pain.

"O-ohh...that hurt..." she said, looking at him plaintively.

"I expect so, Linda," nodded

George. "But then, a cane is meant to hurt. You have been very naughty. Now bend over again...and don't take too long about it."

"Not...so hard!" came the high-pitched plea as Linda bent once more. The cleft of the nates widened as the curves tautened. How sweet! George sawed the cane again and got the same convulsive flinch of dread. He liked that. He kept her waiting for a while, seeing the apprehensive flesh constantly twitching. Her shoulders were heaving, her breath fast and heavy. Then up went the cane again.

Another, similar wristy cut, just a little lower down the buttock cheeks. And the reactions were very similar to those evoked by the first stroke. Oh how it made her dance! Gasping out, head thrown back.

"Worse than a spanking, isn't it Linda?"

"Yes...yes....!"

"So you will be a good girl in future?"

"Yes...ooohhh...yes...yes!" she sounded most sincere. It is a great pity, reflected George, that more girls could not be put on the paths of righteousness by this method.

"Kindly bend over again, Linda. There are still four more to come."

Once more, most reluctantly, Linda bent. She was now sobbing loudly. "I...mmmm...don't deserve this!" she wailed.

"Oh yes you do," said George...and laid on number three.

Oh joy to get such instant and uncontrolled reactions. How that young botty twisted and jerked back and forth with pain! All too clear she was feeling the deep, burning sting of it. "Halfway," announced George.



"You can have a little rest, Linda. But you must remain bending over the desk." Sobbing unrestrainedly, Linda bent. The pain of the weals was so great it had driven away other thoughts concerning her immodest exposure. "You're being a brave girl," stated George condescendingly.

The final three strokes took considerably longer to administer than the first three. Partly because George was in no hurry to complete this delicious piece of chastisement but mainly because Linda was ever more reluctant to place herself back over the desk. However, always, in the end, she did.

The final stroke which George laid on was a real cracker...which had

Linda gasping and yelping loudly as she writhed right down on to the floor, legs kicking wildly. Yes, thought George as he looked down in satisfaction, those french knickers would certainly have been ripped in half.

In due time order was restored. Knickers were back on, a skirt was dropped, and a tear-reddened face was being attended to. George had been merciful, stating that he thought six strokes adequate. But, as a matter of fact, he reckoned discretion was the better part of valour. Much as he wanted to go on, it seemed to him that Linda was rapidly approaching a state of hysteria.

"You'll put that money back in the

morning then, Linda?"

"Yes...yes...of course I will..."

"And you won't do anything like that again?"

Linda shook her head. She was indeed beginning to learn that petty crime did not pay off. Or was it that she was simply unlucky? Always bumping into this horrible old perv. at just the wrong moment. Life could only improve, surely? Perhaps it might be best to marry Bob. He was quite well breeched.

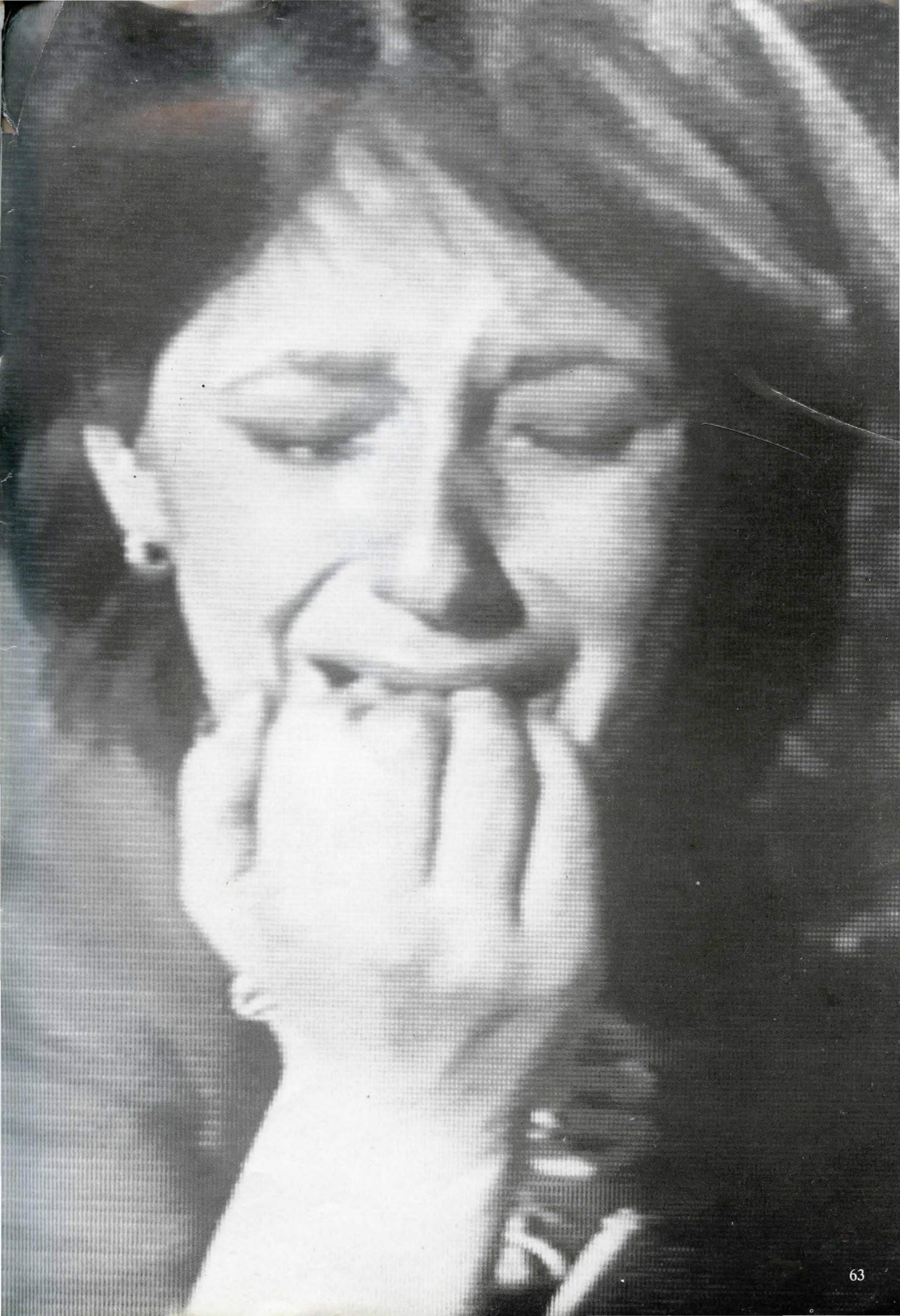
Pity she wouldn't be able to see him this week, though.

Just in case he saw her bottom.









BLUSHES